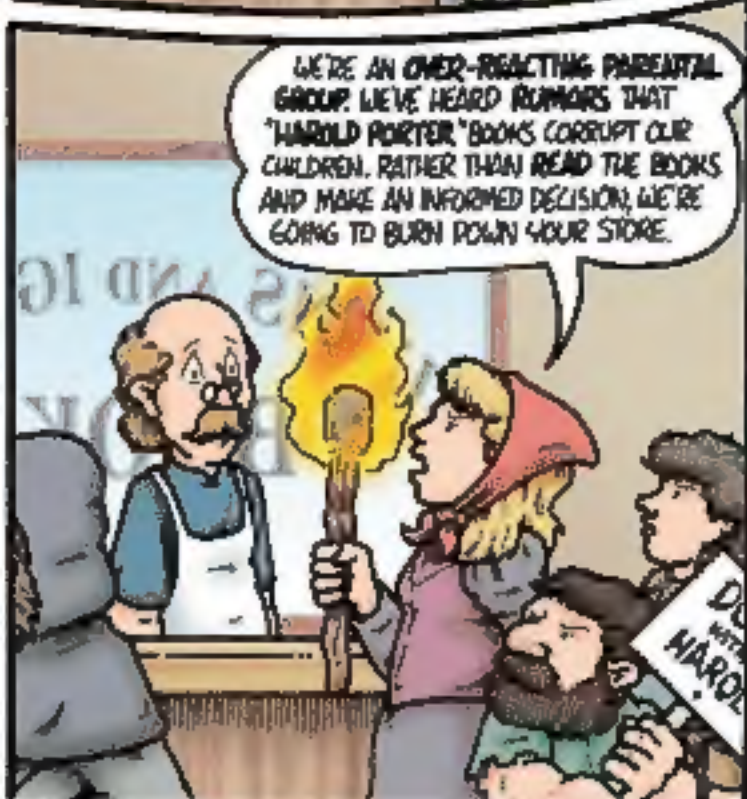


**Nodwick**

**Web Series  
(2001-2002)**

# Nodwick





# Nodwick

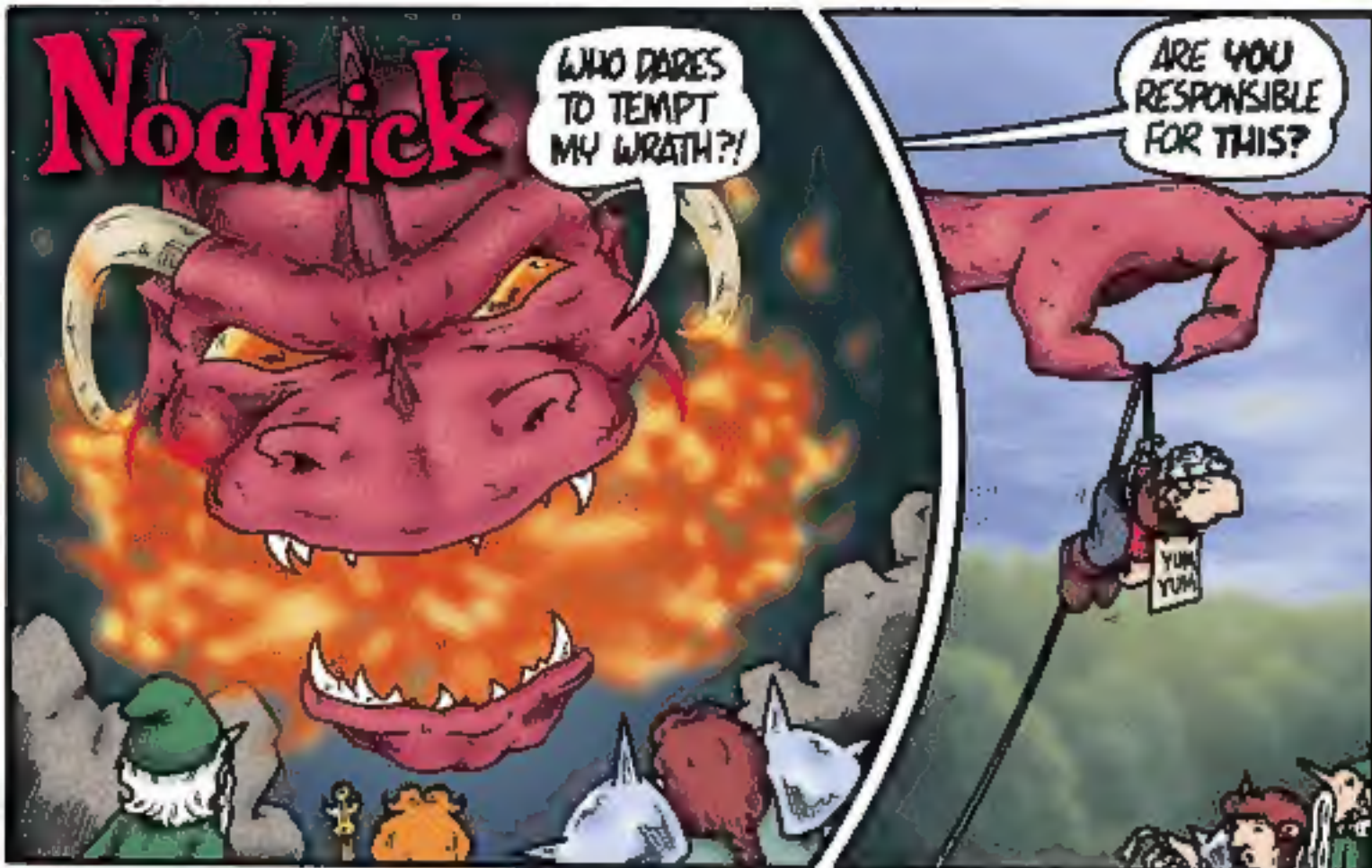




# Nodwick

WHO DARES  
TO TEMPT  
MY WRATH?!

ARE YOU  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THIS?



LISTEN, I'M NOT ANGRY THAT YOU  
WANTED TO LURE ME OUT OF MY LAIR  
IN ORDER TO SLAY ME.

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT I  
DINE ON TENDER NOBILITY AND  
SUCCULENT LIVESTOCK...

YOU TOLD ME  
THAT NODWICK  
WAS MUSHROOM  
HUNTING IN THERE,  
AND THE ROPE WAS  
IN CASE HE FELL  
IN A HOLE!

UH, YEAH...  
ABOUT  
THAT...



...SO I GET QUITE  
ANNOYED WHEN MY  
PALETTE IS INSULTED  
WITH THE OFFERING OF  
A MENCHMAN!

COULDN'T YOU HAVE  
AT LEAST USED A COW  
OR SOMETHING?!

UM, WELL... COWS  
ARE KIND OF  
EXPENSIVE.



OH, FOR THE  
LOVE OF--

FINE!! I'LL  
GET YOU THE  
MONEY MYSELF!  
WAIT HERE!

SO FIND  
ANY MUSH-  
ROOMS?

YOU'RE  
GETTING A  
"TIME OUT,"  
MISTER!





# Nodwick

I HAVE SUMMONED YOU HERE BECAUSE OUR KINGDOM IS IN PERIL...

THE EVIL COUNT REPUGNATIVE IS THREATENING TO DESTROY OUR LANDS. WILL YOU AID US IN OUR TIME OF NEED?

OF COURSE WE WILL!

NOW THAT WE'VE ACCEPTED...

...WE CAN MOVE ON TO FINANCING THIS LITTLE JAUNT.

YOUR REWARD WILL BE GREAT, AS WILL BE OUR GRATITUDE!

UH-HUH. WE'VE GOTTEN THAT GRATITUDE/CASH COMBO BEFORE, AND WE JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT THE SECOND HALF OF THAT PAIRING OUTWEIGHS THE FIRST, YOU KNOW?

YOU WOULD PUT A PRICE ON LIBERTY?!

HE HAS. THE LAST TIME I CHECKED, THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE PLUS A HUNDRED GOLD PER HOUR, NOT INCLUDING EXPENSES.

MAKE SURE YOU GIVE HIM THE "GOOD KING" DISCOUNT!

YOU NEED TO SPECIFY IF YOU WANT EVIL "THWARTED" OR "MINORISHED" BEFORE WE CAN GIVE YOU AN ACCURATE ESTIMATE.



# Nodwick

THERE IT IS...  
THE HAUNTED CASTLE  
OF THE EVIL  
COUNT REPUGSIVE!

IT IS A PERILOUS  
AND VILE PLACE FILLED  
WITH THE LIVING DEAD  
AND THE DARKEST MAGIC.

THE VERY WALLS ARE  
COVERED WITH THE AGONIZED  
VISAGES OF THOSE WHO HAVE  
PERISHED WITHIN. REPUGSIVE  
HIMSELF RULES FROM A THRONE  
FORGED FROM THE BONES  
OF THE INNOCENT.

MANY HAVE ENTERED  
THIS PLACE... NO ONE  
HAS EVER RETURNED.

NO ONE?  
REALLY?

NO ONE.

THEN HOW DO YOU  
KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT  
REPUGSIVE'S TASTE IN  
DÉCOR?

MOSTLY FROM  
HIS PRESS  
RELEASES.

Agassi



# Nodwick

THERE YOU ARE! YOUR PLANS TO CONQUER THE KINGDOM OF ACKVIEL ARE FINISHED, COUNT REPUSIVE!

OH?

WE DESTROYED MOST OF THE WALKING CORPSES IN YOUR CASTLE. YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH DEAD DUDES TO INVADE A TOOL SHED!

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT INVASION? I'M INTO REAL ESTATE!

ER, WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING THAT?

CERTAINLY! I'VE BEEN BUYING HOMES IN ACKVIEL'S CAPITAL CITY FOR MY UNDEAD SUBJECTS. THEY LOWER LOCAL PROPERTY VALUES, ALLOWING ME TO BUY MORE HOUSES AND MOVE IN MORE UNDEAD.

MEANWHILE, THE LIVING ARE MOVING OUT OF ACKVIEL'S CAPITAL IN DROVES! SOON, I'LL RULE ACKVIEL DUE TO MY POPULARITY WITH THE FORMERLY ALIVE MAJORITY!

SPEAKING OF LUNCH, I'VE GOT A LOVELY TWO-BEDROOM BUNGALOW FOR YOUR WENCHMANN, THERE...

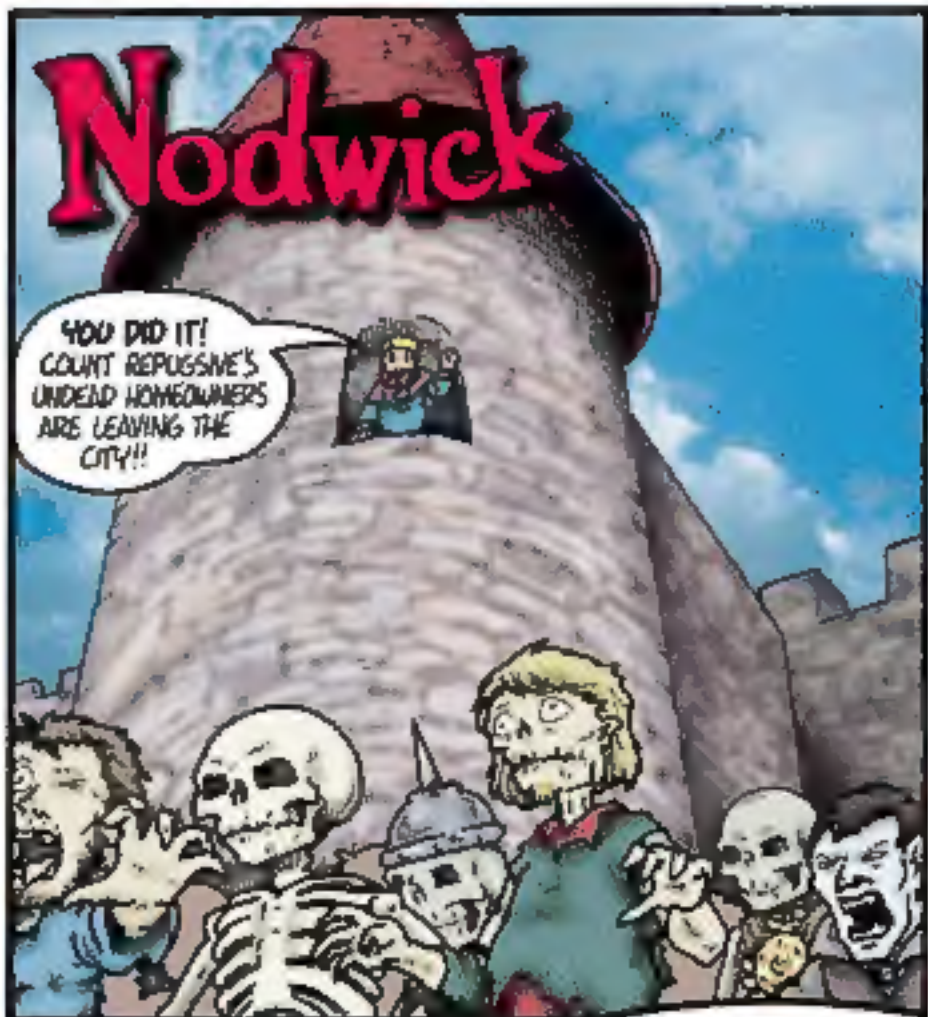
WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO ACKVIEL!

I KNOW! WE CAN GET A THREE-STORY KEEP WITH TWO CATAPULTS, MORT, AND SALINA FOR A SONG!



# Nodwick

YOU DID IT!  
COUNT REPUGNIVE'S  
UNDEAD HOMEOWNERS  
ARE LEAVING THE  
CITY!!



HOW DID YOU  
GET THEM TO  
DEPART?

SIMPLE: WE FOUND  
SOME PEOPLE SO ACCUSTOMED  
TO ABUSE THAT LIVING NEXT  
TO UNDEAD WOULD BE A  
PICNIC! AFTER THE UNDEAD  
SAW THAT THEIR NEW NEIGHBORS  
WOULDN'T MOVE, THEY  
PACKED UP THEIR COFFINS  
AND SPLIT!



AMAZING! SO,  
WHO MOVED IN AND  
SAVED THE KINGDOM?

A WHOLE  
BUNCH OF  
HENCHMEN!



OH! HENCHMEN,  
EH? WELL... HMM...

ER, DOESN'T  
THAT MAKE  
THE PROBLEM  
WORSE?

HEY!

LOOK ON THE  
BRIGHT SIDE: YOU'VE  
GAINED LOTS OF  
CATAPULT AMMUNITION.

HEY!





# Nodwick

I NEED TO  
CHAT WITH YOU  
GUYS... I WAS CLEANING  
THE BACK ROOM...

...AND I FOUND  
THIS.



DOES ANYONE  
CARE TO EXPLAIN  
THIS TO ME?

UM, SURE! LET'S SEE... I THINK  
THAT'S FROM WHEN ARTAX USED A  
**CLONE** SPELL ON YOU WHILE PIFTANY  
WAS ON VACATION. YOU HAD BEEN  
KILLED BY A BUNCH OF VAMPIRE  
GNOMES AND WE NEEDED SOME-  
ONE TO HAUL OUR STUFF.

ARE YOU SURE? I THOUGHT THE REAL  
NODWICK GOT SPIRAL-SLICED AT  
THE CASTLE... OR DID HE GET NAILED  
BY THE DARK SWORDSMAN, F'TANG?

NAH, F'TANG GOT  
THE OTHER CLONE  
WE MADE. TWICE,  
I THINK...

HOW MANY  
CLONES WERE  
THERE? I THOUGHT  
THERE WERE TOO  
MANY SPARE WENCH-  
MAN PARTS FLOATING  
AROUND BACK THEN.

OH, YEAH! THEN  
THE CLONE GOT CAUGHT  
IN THAT TRAP BELOW  
CASTLE FLOGSTEIN!  
THE ONE WITH THOSE  
RAZOR DISCS.

WHEN I GOT  
BACK, I SCOLDED  
VEGAR AND ARTAX  
FOR WHAT THEY DID  
AND I REVIVED YOU.

HEY!  
ALL I WANT  
TO KNOW IS  
WHETHER OR  
NOT THE HEAD  
I'M WEARING IS  
THE ORIGINAL.

OF COURSE!

YEAH...  
I THINK.

MAYBE  
IT SHOULD  
BE.

I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD'VE  
MARKED THEM WITH  
NUMBERS.

HEY, I WASN'T  
THE ONE ON HEAD  
DETAIL!

YOU TWO ARE  
IN SO MUCH TROUBLE!  
TIME OUTS FOR  
BOTH OF YOU!

CAN YOU AT LEAST  
TELL ME WHICH HEL-  
MET IS MINE? IT WAS  
A GIFT FROM MY MOM.

Adams



# Nodwick





# Nodwick

THANK YOU FOR ANSWERING OUR CALL FOR HELP.

NOT AT ALL! WE'RE ALWAYS READY TO ANSWER THE CALL WHEN FAITH AND GOODNESS NEED US!

AND THOUGH WE RARELY TAKE QUESTS POSTED IN CHURCH BULLETINS...

I HATE IT WHEN IT'S PIFFANY'S TURN TO PICK OUR NEXT JOB!

OUR RELIGIOUS ORDER BESEECHEES YOU: FIND THE STAR OF ELYSIVANA! ONLY THE STAR'S HOLY POWER CAN RESTORE BALANCE TO OUR TEMPLE!

WITHOUT IT, ALL WE HOLD SACRED WILL FALL INTO RUIN!

THE RELIC IS HELD IN A PLACE KNOWN AS THE HOLLOW OF HAZARDOUS HORROR!

SOUNDS PEACHY. SO, WHAT DOES THIS STAR-THING LOOK LIKE? WHAT DOES IT DO?

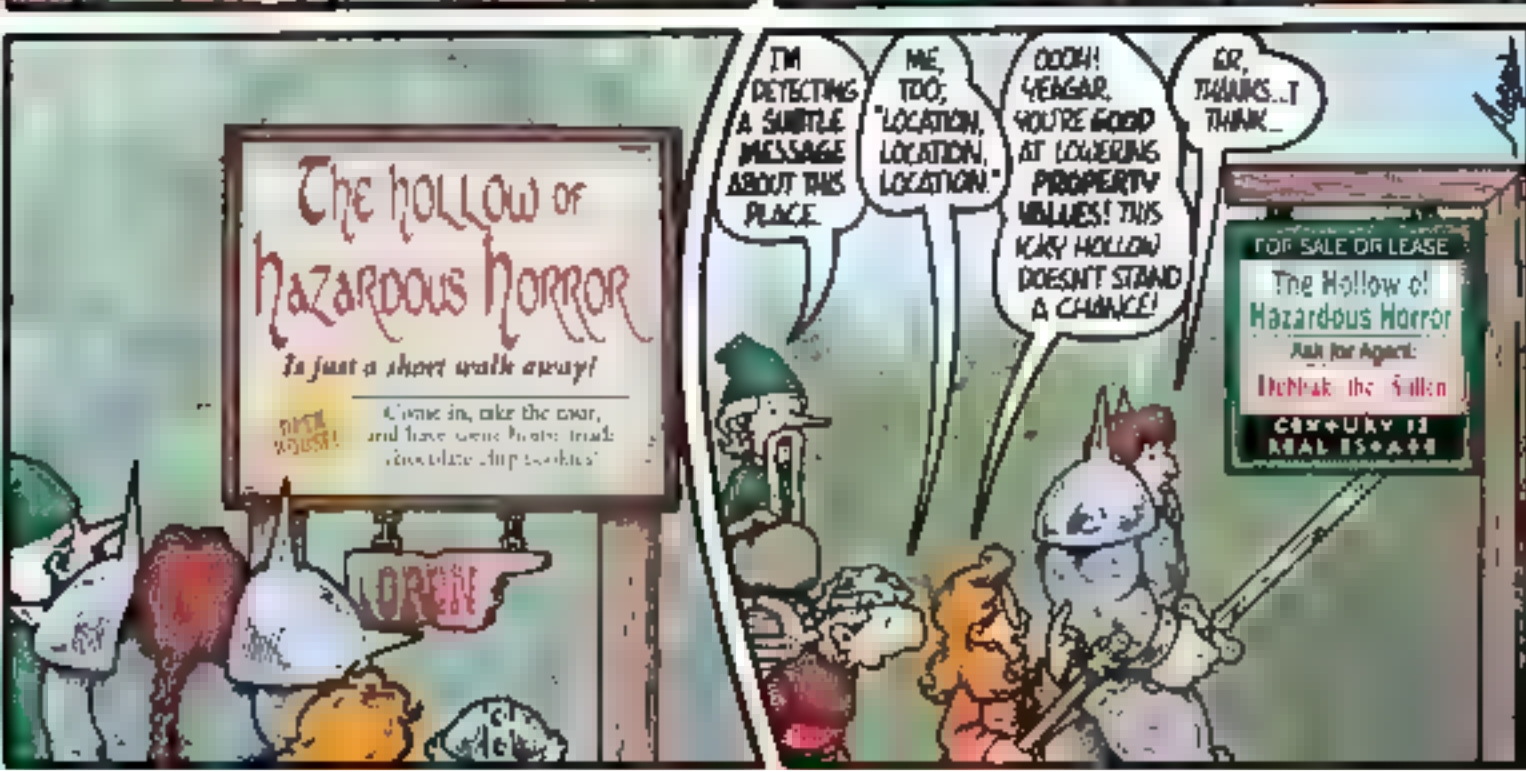
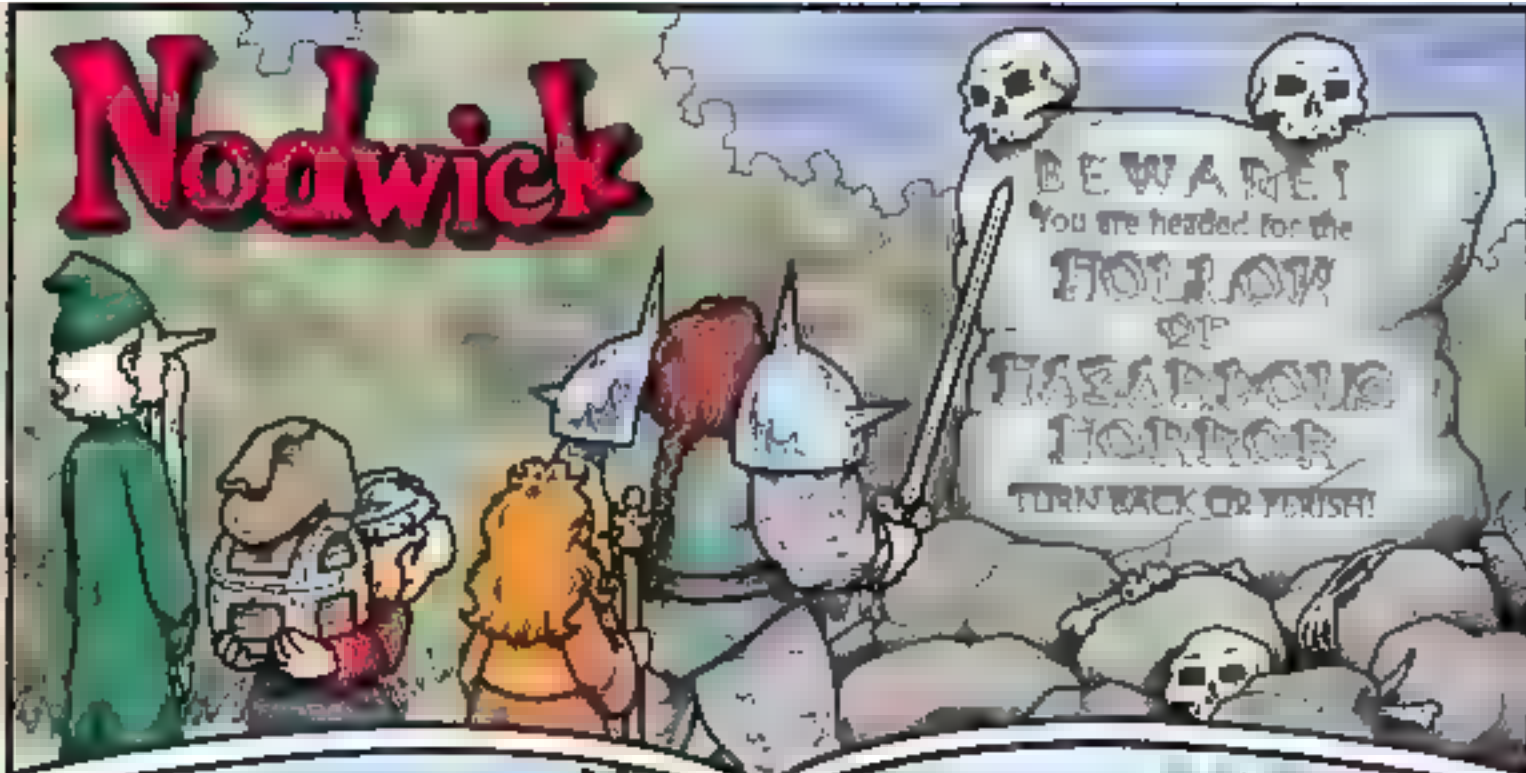
IT IS A RUBY THE SIZE OF TWO FISTS! AS FOR WHAT IT DOES, ITS POWERS ARE MANY AND WONDEROUS! OH, YES... IT'S VERY, UM, POWERFUL... INDEED...

THEY LOST THE MANUAL

ALL BUT THE TROUBLESHOOTING GUIDE. WHEN YOU FIND THE RUBY, I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND JOSTLING IT TOO MUCH...



# Nodwick





# Nodwick

STAND ASIDE, FOOL FIEND! WE'RE HERE TO RETRIEVE THE STAR OF ELYSTHANA, SO...

WOW, FOLKS! WELCOME TO THE HOLLOW OF HAZARDOUS HORROR! I KNOW Y'ALL WILL JUST LOVE THIS HAVEN OF NIGHTMARE! PLUS, WITH CENTURY 13 REALTY, GETTING FINANCED IS JUST A SOUL AWAY!

FOR SALE OR LEASE

CENTURY 13 REAL ESTATE

THE NAME'S DYMBURK, BY THE WAY HERE, HAVE A COOKIE! MY MOM MADE 'EM, AND SHE'S A SERAPHIM, SO YOU KNOW THEY'RE SIN-FREE!

NOW, TAKE ONE OF THESE HERE BROCHURES, IT'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA WHY THIS OPPORTUNITY IS GOLDEN!

I'VE ALSO GOT THESE HERE DELUXE BROCHURES THAT GIVE YOU THE LOW-DOWN ON WHY THIS PLACE IS SUCH A FOOLPROOF REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT! ONLY FIVE GOLD, Y'ALL! ANY TAKERS?

WE'LL PASS THANKS, DADDY!

SPLAT!

AAAAIEEE!!

TOO CLOSE!  
GRRRIINNND!  
THAT  
EL-SQUISHOI

DID I MENTION THAT THIS HERE DELUXE BROCHURE SHOWS YOU THE LOCATIONS OF ALL THE STATE-OF-THE-ART TRAPS THIS HOLLOW HAS, MUCH LIKE THE ONE Y'ALL JUST WALKED INTO?

OW

THERE'S HENCHMAN STRAINS ALL OVER MY ROBE!

DOES ANYONE SEE MY KNEECAPS? THEY SEEM TO BE MISSING...



# Nodwick

YOU LET NODWICK SCOUT AHEAD BY HIMSELF?!

WELL, WE MAY HAVE GIVEN HIM THE IMPRESSION THAT WE'D BE FOLLOWING HIM, BUT

I HAVEN'T HEARD ANY SHRIEKS OF PAIN, SO HE'S PROBABLY FINE. LET'S GO FIND HIM

LATER

WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF SOMEONE MADE YOU GO OUT ALONE?

NO, MA'AM

OR USED YOU AS A DECOY?

NO, MA'AM

OR AS A SNOWEL?

NO, MA'AM

ER, GUYS? WHY DOES THIS WALL HAVE HANDS GROWING OUT OF IT?

DO NOT FEAR. I AM TALKING THE OGRE, AND THIS IS MY COUSIN, OGNAR. WE WILL NOT HARM YOU.

WE RAN INTO YOUR LARGE-NOSED SCOUT, AND FEARING HE WAS PART OF A CENTURY'S EVICTION FORCE, OGNAR ATE HIM.

LATER, YOUR SCOUT TOLD US HE WASN'T A PARTY TO THE SALE OF THIS DUNGEON COMPLEX, AND HE MENTIONED YOU MIGHT BE WILLING TO HELP US SAVE THE HOLLOW OF HAZARDOUS HORROR, WHICH IS OUR HOME.

NODWICK TOLD YOU THAT AFTER YOU ATE HIM?

YES, FORTUNATELY, OGNAR ISN'T MUCH FOR CHEWING.

TRUE, BUT HIS DIGESTIVE JUICES ARE IMPRESSIVE.



# Nodwick

CHILL. THEY'RE WITH US. THEY'RE GOING TO HELP US AVOID BEING EVICTED IN EXCHANGE FOR THE STAR OF ELYSHAMA.

WHO TRESPASSES IN THIS EVIL HOLLOW? PREPARE TO PART WITH YOUR LIVES, FOOLISH MORTALS!

DID SOMEONE MENTION THE STAR OF WHATCHAMACALLIT? TA-DAAAA!!

GOODY GUMDROPS FOR YOU, YEAGAR! WAS IT HARD TO GET?

WELL, THERE WAS A MAGICAL TRAP OF SOME KIND, BUT NODWICK DISARMED IT.

ADMITTEDLY, IN THE SAME WAY A STICK DISARMS A BEAR TRAP

OH, HOW?

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, WE DIDN'T HAVE TO BREAK A SWEAT HAKLING HIM BACK HERE...



Nodwick

In:

# INTERVIEW WITH THE LOST BOYS IN THE DARK SHADOWS of Ravenloft

WELCOME TO MY CASTLE. I AM COUNT STRAND MINI ZAROVITCH. NO DOUBT YOU KNOW I AM A VAMPIRE.

YEAH, RIGHT! I KNOW VAMPIRES, AND YOU ARE SO NOT A VAMPIRE.

AND WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE, MORTAL?

JUST LOOK AT YOU! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY OF THE TELL-TALE SIGNS: NO MASSIVE TATTOOS, NO BODY PIERCING IN SIGHT, NO LEATHER, NOT EVEN A SHAVED HEAD! EXPLAIN THAT, "COUNT."

SOMEONE HAS OBVIOUSLY BEEN READING WAY TOO MANY ANNE RICE NOVELS.

YEAH, HE MOST CERTAINLY IS A VAMPIRE!

YOU SEE? COVER IN TERROR, MORTALS!

AND HE NEEDS OUR HELP! I SHALL DESTROY HIM!

LATER...  
LET'S GET THIS ENCOUNTER GROUP STARTED. STRAHD, TELL US WHY YOU LASH OUT AGAINST THOSE AROUND YOU.

CENTURIES AGO, I SLEW MY BROTHER TO STEAL HIS LOVER, TATYANA. SHE SPURNED ME AND LEAPED TO HER DEATH. MY HATRED MADE ME BECOME A VAMPIRE, ONE WHO MUST FEED UPON LIVING BLOOD!

SOUNDS LIKE A CHEMICAL DEPENDENCY TO ME...

YOU FOOL! BLOOD IS THE LIFE--

THIS IS LUNACY! I SHALL SUMMON ALL MANNER OF CREATURES TO DEVOUR YOU! TO ME, MY CHILDREN!

THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU JUST EARNED A TIME-OUT!

CAN I TALK ABOUT THE ABUSIVE RELATIONSHIP I HAVE WITH MY EMPLOYERS?

YOU DARE--?!

I-- YOU--  
Fine...

STRAHD!  
WHACK!  
BIF!  
WHAM!  
STAKE!  
POUND!  
POUND!  
POUND!

A LITTLE HARD ON HIM, WEREN'T YOU?  
HE HAS TO LEARN THAT VIOLENCE ISN'T A SOLUTION

WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER PROBLEM SOLVED BY VIOLENCE!

NOT THAT IT WAS A CHALLENGE; STRAHD PRACTICALLY BEGGED US TO KILL HIM!

BULK UP, PIFFANKY. THE RECIDIVISM RATES AMONG VAMPIRES ARE ASTRONOMICAL, ANYWAY.



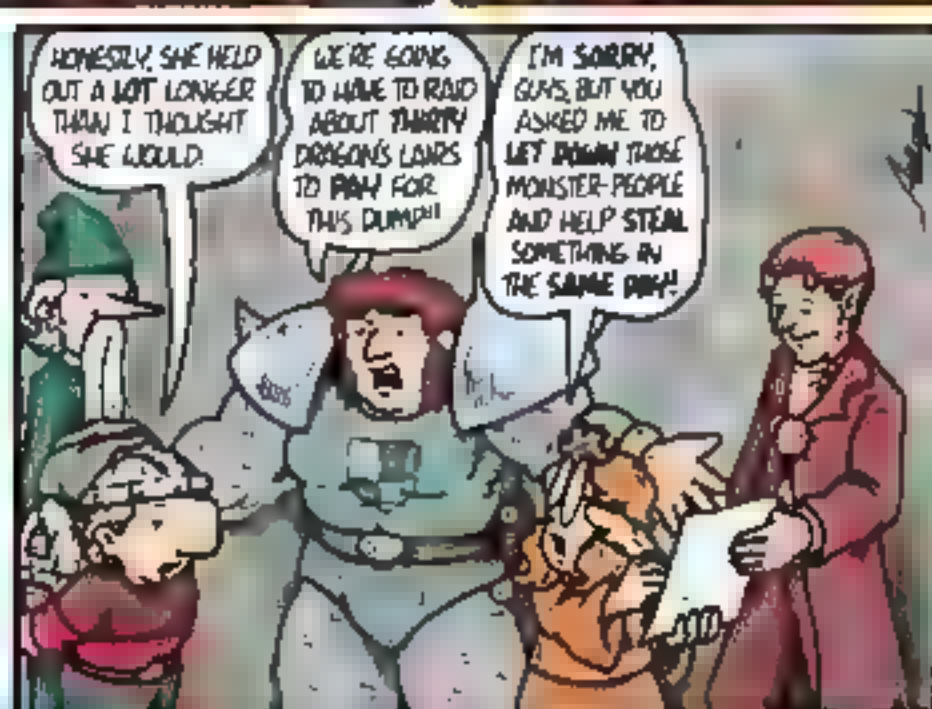
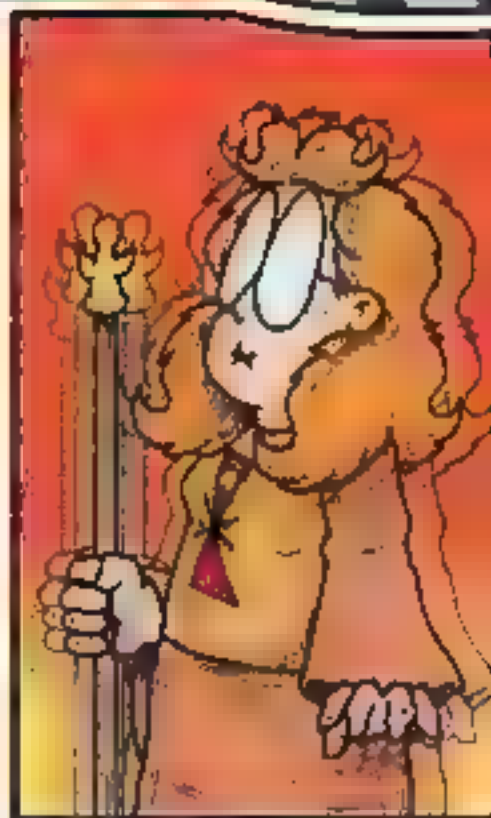
# Nodwick

HEY, THERE! DO Y'ALL GET A GOOD LOOK AT WHAT THE HOLLOW OF HAZARDOUS HORROR HAS TO OFFER?

ARE Y'ALL INTERESTED IN SAGGIN' THE MORTGAGE FOR THIS FINE FACILITY?

MAN, WE'LL PASS. WITHOUT WALL-TO-WALL CARPET, I CAN'T SEE US BUYING IT.

YEAH IT NEEDS MORE WINDOW TREATMENTS, TOO













# Nodwick

THE STAR OF ELYSIVANIA! YOU'VE FOUND IT!!

YEAH, YEAH. WINNIN' BUY A DUNGEON? CHEAP?

YEAH, YEAH.

THANK YOU, LORD HIEROPHANT! HERE'S YOUR RECEIPT!

HEY! I THOUGHT YOU NEEDED THAT ROCK TO "RESTORE THE BALANCE," OR SOMETHING!

ER, YES... THE BALANCE TO OUR BOOKS. WE GOT A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY WITH A RENOVATION LOAN, AND 13<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY REALTY WAS ABOUT TO FORECLOSE...

I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...

I UNDERSTAND Y'ALL HAVE A DUNGEON FOR SALE? I KNOW A CRACKERJACK AGENT Y'ALL CAN LIST IT WITH! INTERESTED?

I UNDERSTAND Y'ALL HAVE A GUT LACKING IN STEEL. INTERESTED?

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, THE DUNGEON COMES WITH A HOT TUB.

GRANTED, IT'S FULL OF ACID...

Alamy



# Nodwick





# Noodwick

HEY, ARTAX? UM, WHAT'S UP WITH THE MAD PACKING?

I'M GOING TO WIZARD WORLD! IT LOOKS FABULOUS! I'LL BET THE ADORING FANS WILL GO NUTS OVER A FIRST-RATE MAGICIAN LIKE ME!

I'M GONNA BUY A BUNCH OF NEW SPELLS, GET MY CRYSTAL BALL AUTOGRAPHED BY MORGAN LE FAY, AND I WANNA HOOK UP WITH GANDALF'S AGENT FOR A POSSIBLE MOVIE GIG!



NOT TO BURST YOUR BUBBLE, BUT IF YOU HAD FINISHED READING THIS PAMPHLET, YOU WOULD'VE REALIZED THAT WIZARD WORLD IS SOMETHING CALLED A "COMIC BOOK CONVENTION."

A COMIC WHAT?

IT ALSO HAPPENS TO BE IN ANOTHER DIMENSION NAMED "CHICAGO."

AH.



AND BASED ON WHAT I'M SEEING, A GREAT MANY OF THESE BOOKS APPEAR TO BE SOMEWHAT PORNOGRAPHIC...

WORKS FOR ME. F\*CK A BLINDFOLD FOR PIFFANY, AND WE'RE READY TO ROLL!



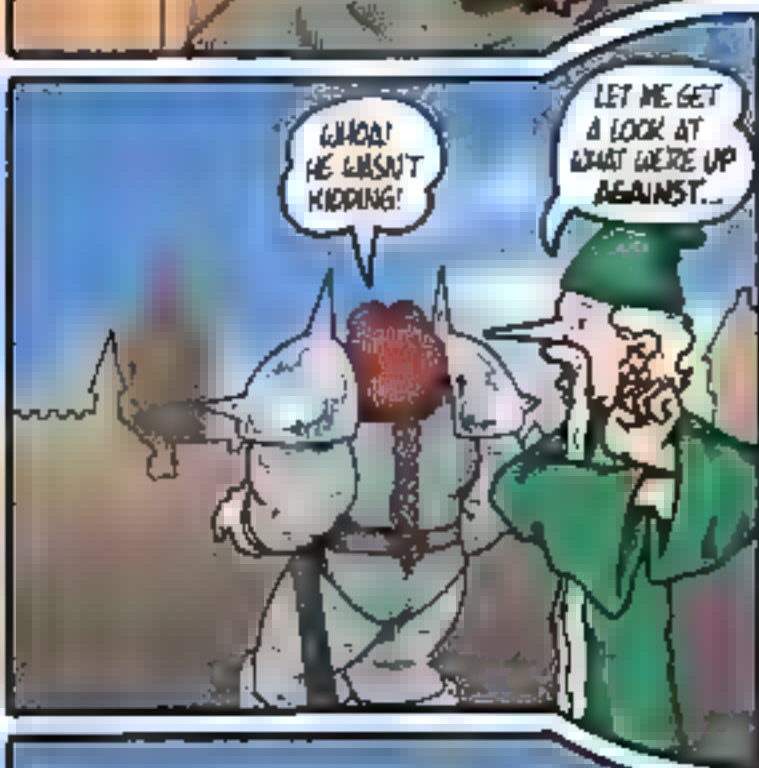


# Nodwick

GIANT ATTACK!  
GIANT ATTACK!  
TO ARMS! TO ARMS!  
EVACUATE THE  
WEAK AND THE  
YOUNG!!

OH, GOODBY  
GOBBISS!!

LET'S CHECK  
IT OUT!





# Nodwick

OKAY, HERE'S THE OUTLINE FOR PHASE ONE OF OPERATION: MAKE FALL THE BIG AND TALL. NODWICK WILL GET US ON OUR GIANT FOE BY DRINKING THIS POTION. EVERYONE, GET A FIRM GRIP ON OUR HEROIC MENCHMAN!



GROW TO  
GIANT SIZE  
FOR ONLY A  
FEW SECONDS  
JUST HOLD ONTO  
THE GIANT, AND  
WHEN YOU SNEAK,  
WE'LL END UP ON HIS  
UPPER BODY.  
READY FOR PHASE TWO?

TELL ME  
THAT THIS  
ISN'T A  
GROWTH  
POTION! YOU  
REMEMBER  
WHAT HAPPENED  
LAST TIME.

THIS IS DIFFERENT. YOU'LL  
GROW TO GIANT SIZE FOR ONLY A  
FEW SECONDS. JUST HOLD ONTO  
THE GIANT, AND WHEN YOU SNEAK,  
WE'LL END UP ON HIS UPPER BODY.  
READY FOR PHASE TWO?

SIGH. FINE.  
HERE GOES

WHOA--!  
ER, HI?



AIEEE! I'M  
BEING ATTACKED  
BY SPLIT ENDS!

GIANT  
LICE! RUN  
AWAY!

HELP! I'M  
TRAPPED UNDER  
A CHUNK OF  
DUNDERLUFF THE  
SIZE OF A  
THREE-OGRE  
BAR FIGHT!





# Nodwick

THERE'S MORE  
MEAT ON THIS GUY  
THAN IN EVERY FANG  
AND DRAGON VALLEY  
MEAL I'VE EVER  
EATEN!

THE GIANT IS  
BEING EXTRA NOT-  
NICE TO THE TOWN!  
WHAT DO WE DO?

UNCLE ARTAX  
SAYS RELAX! IT'S  
ALL UNDER  
CONTROL..

I FOUND A RECIPE IN THIS BOOK FOR  
A MAGIC POWDER, GUARANTEED TO STOP  
ANY GIANT, IF APPLIED LIBERALLY TO  
HIS HEAD, THUSLY...

HOW TO  
MAKE A  
MAGIC  
POWDER  
FROM A  
MOUNTAIN

OH, CRUD!  
MORE  
GIANTS!

GIANTS DRESSED  
LIKE THE TOWN  
GUARD?

LATER...

SO, DID THE TOWN BUILD  
THIS HUGE JAIL AND HIRE  
GIANT GUARDS WHILE WE  
WERE BUSY ATTACKING  
THE FIRST GIANT?

STOP THINKING,  
YEAGAR.

I'VE GOT SOME NICE,  
BRIGHTLY-COLORED WAX AT  
HOME, ARTAX WOULD TRYING  
SOME AROUND YOUR FINGER  
REMEMBER YOU TO BRING AN  
ANTIDOTE NEXT TIME?

GRUMBLE...



# Nodwick

## Dear Piffany...

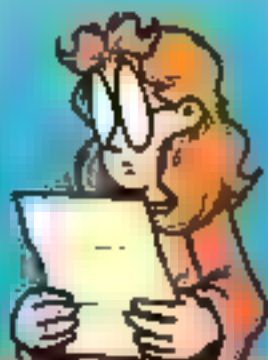
HELLO AND HAPPY THOUGHTS TO EVERYBODY! MY NAME IS PIFFANY, AND TODAY I'LL BE ANSWERING SOME OF THE PEACHY LETTERS YOU'VE BEEN SENDING ME. WON'T THAT BE FUN?



TO BE FAIR, I PICKED THIS ONE AT RANDOM. LET'S SEE... PAUL FROM SEATTLE WRITES, "DEAR PIFFANY, AS A CLERIC, ARE THERE RESTRICTIONS PLACED ON YOUR AFTER-HOURS ACTIVITIES? IN SPECIFIC, WOULD YOU BE ALLOWED TO..." UM... "WITH..."



HMM...



OOOOOH MY! WELL, THAT'S ALL THE TIME WE HAVE THIS WEEK. I KIND OF THINK WE WON'T BE DOING THIS SORT OF SEMI-NAUGHTINESS FOR A WHILE... AND PAUL? YOUR MOTHER IS GOING TO GET A NOTE ABOUT YOU.

KEEP THOSE LETTERS COMING!













# Nodwick

ZORP!

ARTAX!!



WHAT HAPPENED?

I JUST GOT A MYSTIC CRY FOR HELP FROM LAKRESSA THE SORCERESS. HER FORTRESS IS UNDER ATTACK, AND SHE'S BARELY HOLDING HER OWN!

WE'VE GOT TO HELP HER DEFEND THE ANCIENT AND DEADLY ARTIFACT THAT SHE KEEPS LOCKED AWAY IN THE VAULTS BELOW HER KEEP!



AND THAT ARTIFACT IS...?

IT'S THAT WHICH MAN HAS NOT MEANT TO KNOW!



WHAT DOES IT DO?

NO ONE'S SURE; IT'S HARD TO GET PAST THE UNKNOWING SIDE EFFECT IT HAS WHICH MAKES YOUR HEAD EXPLODE.



# Noodwick

BUT I'M TELLING YOU,  
SHE CALLED ME HERE.

AND I'M TELLING YOU THAT  
YOU'RE NOT ON THE LIST! LOOK,  
WE JUST GOT ATTACKED, SO  
SECURITY'S A LITTLE TIGHT. THE  
MISTRESS IS UNAVAILABLE NOW, SO  
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO COME BACK  
LATER, NOW BEAT IT!

IT MUST'VE BEEN  
A GENERAL DISTRESS  
CALL THAT LADRESSA SENT.  
STILL, WE HAVE TO KNOW  
IF THAT WENCH MAN  
WAS NOT MEANT TO  
KNOW IS SAFE!

LET ME  
HANDLE  
THIS.

HEY, MY FRIEND  
HERE HADN'T COME TO  
TERMS WITH HIS NEW ROLE  
IN LIFE AS A MAINTENANCE  
CONTRACTOR. HE STILL FANCIES  
HIMSELF AS A WIZARD. ANYWAY,  
WE'RE HERE TO CHANGE THE  
FILTERS ON YOUR MOAT IF  
YOU COULD POINT US TO THE  
HYDRAULICS ROOM?

OH, MAN, AM I  
GLAD TO SEE YOU!  
WE'VE HAD MOAT VICTIM  
PARTS CLOGGING UP  
EVERYTHING DOWN THERE  
FOR MONTHS! GO DOWN  
THE FIRST STAIRCASE  
AND HANG A LEFT.

THAT  
WAS...  
DEMEANING

I NEVER  
KNEW YOU  
COULD STORM  
A CASTLE LIKE  
THIS...

THE THIEVES  
GUILD WOULD BE  
UNSTOPPABLE IF THEY  
INSTEAD IN BLUE COVERALLS  
WITH THE NAME "AL" EM-  
BROIDERED ON THEM.



# Nodwick





# Nodwick

Dear Diary,  
Today, we continued our quest for "That Which Man Was Not Meant To Know," taken by "She Who Must be Obeyed" to "The Land Which Knows No Name..."

We fought her icky-nasty army of hairy men. Nodwick got a little ram-bunctious and wound up with an owie on his noggin.

We even got into see "She Who Must etc."

It turns out she "Must Be Obeyed" by guys. Twiddling her fingers made them go a little goofy. Then she ordered them to capture me.

So, Diary, today hasn't exactly been a bowl of jelly beans...

I'M AMAZED YOU MADE IT INTO MY CASTLE AT ALL! I MEAN, REMOVING YOUR FRIENDS' FREE WILL SEEMS TO HAVE INCREASED THEIR IQ'S BY THIRTY POINTS!



# Nodwick

I'M GIVING YOU AN OPPORTUNITY, YOUNG CLERK! JOIN ME, AND WITH THE POWER OF THAT WHICH MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO KNOW, WE CAN RULE THE WORLD!

HAVE YOU ACTUALLY READ THAT WHICH MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO KNOW?

OF COURSE NOT. MY HEAD WOULD EXPLODE.

NO IT WOULDN'T. IT'S WHAT MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO KNOW. WOMEN CAN READ IT WITHOUT OUR HEADS MAKING A MESS



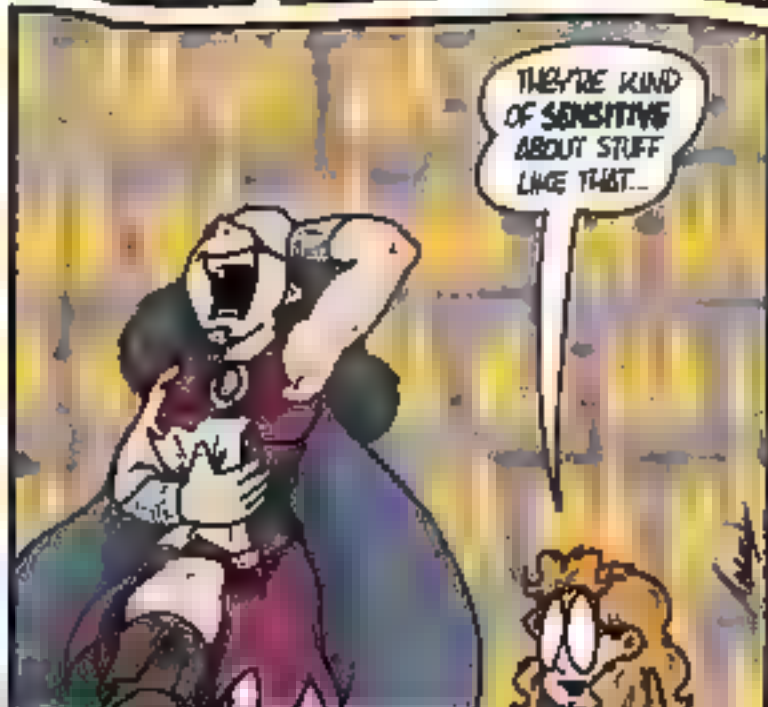
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!

CLERK'S HONOR. CREDS MY HEART AND HOPE TO EAT GRAPE-FRUIT AFTER BRUSHING MY TEETH!



THIS?! THIS MAKES MALE HEADS GO "POPP" THIS?!

OH-HUH



THEY'RE KIND OF SENSITIVE ABOUT STUFF LIKE THAT...



# Nodwick

OKAY, SHE WHO MUST  
BE OBEYED SAYS YOU'RE  
ALL FREE AGAIN! SNAP  
OUT OF IT!

SO YOU AREN'T GOING  
TO CONQUER THE WORLD WITH  
YOUR ARMY OF ENSORCELLED  
MEN?

AFTER READING  
THAT WHICH MAN  
WAS NOT MEANT  
TO KNOW? FORGET  
IT! I CAN'T EVEN LOOK  
AT ONE OF THOSE WALK-  
ING TESTOSTERONE  
FACTORIES WITHOUT  
CRACKING UP!

WHOA, WHAT  
HAPPENED?

WHAT'S  
WITH HER?

NOTHING.  
WE WON.  
LET'S GO.

WOULD  
WE WIN?

DETAILS  
WOULDN'T  
BE GOOD  
FOR YOU!



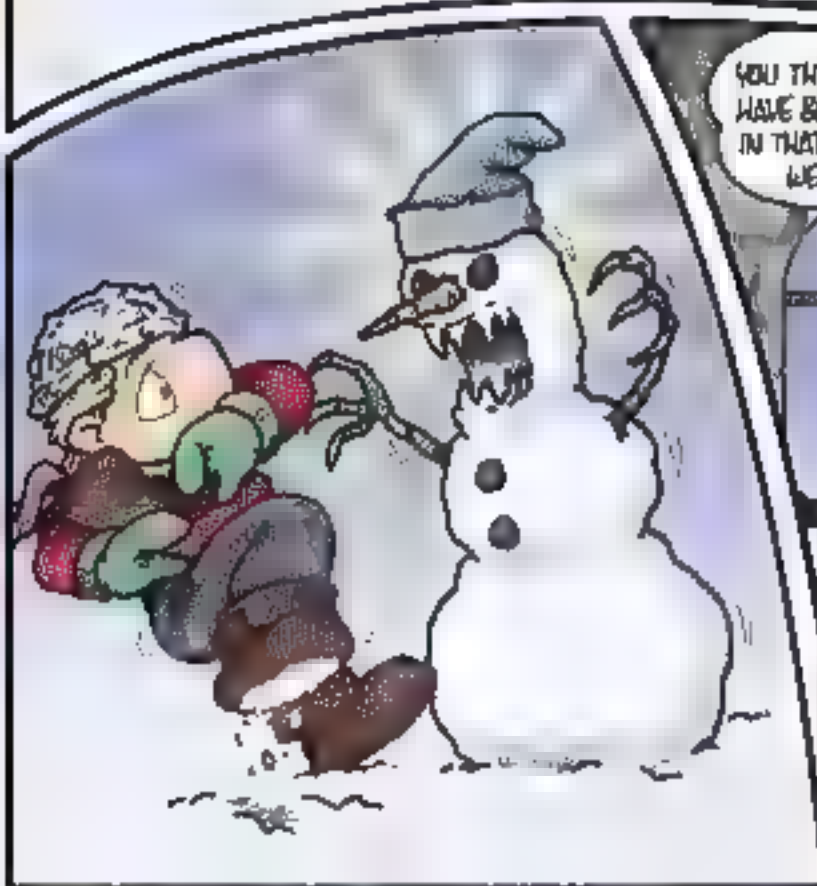
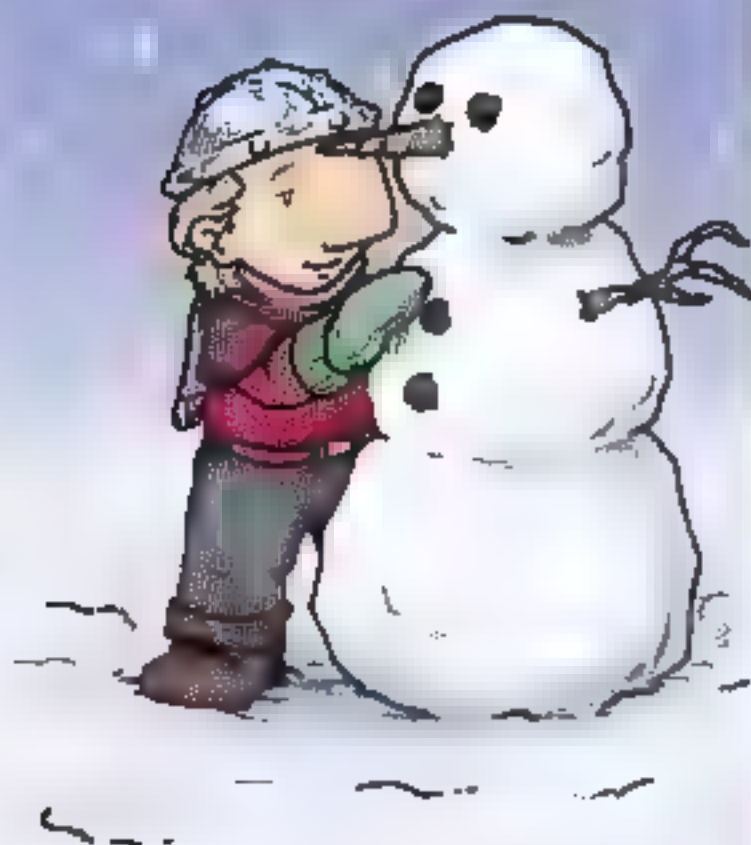








# Nodwick



YOU THINK THERE MIGHT  
HAVE BEEN SOME MAGIC  
IN THAT OLD SILK HAT  
WE FOUND?

NOPE.

GOOD.





# Nodwick

BEHOLD  
MOUNT  
ZPEWZ!

A FORCE OF  
FIERY CHAOS  
AND PRIMAL  
ENERGY.

IT IS THE ONLY PLACE THAT CAN RID OUR HEROES OF THEIR VILE BURDEN.

THIS IS  
IT.

OKAY,  
NODWICK.  
THROW IT  
IN.



YOU KNOW, WE  
WOULDN'T HAVE TO  
DO THIS EVERY MONTH  
IF YEDSAR WOULD JUST  
WASH HIS SOCKS ONCE  
IN A WHILE.

YEAH,  
YEAH.



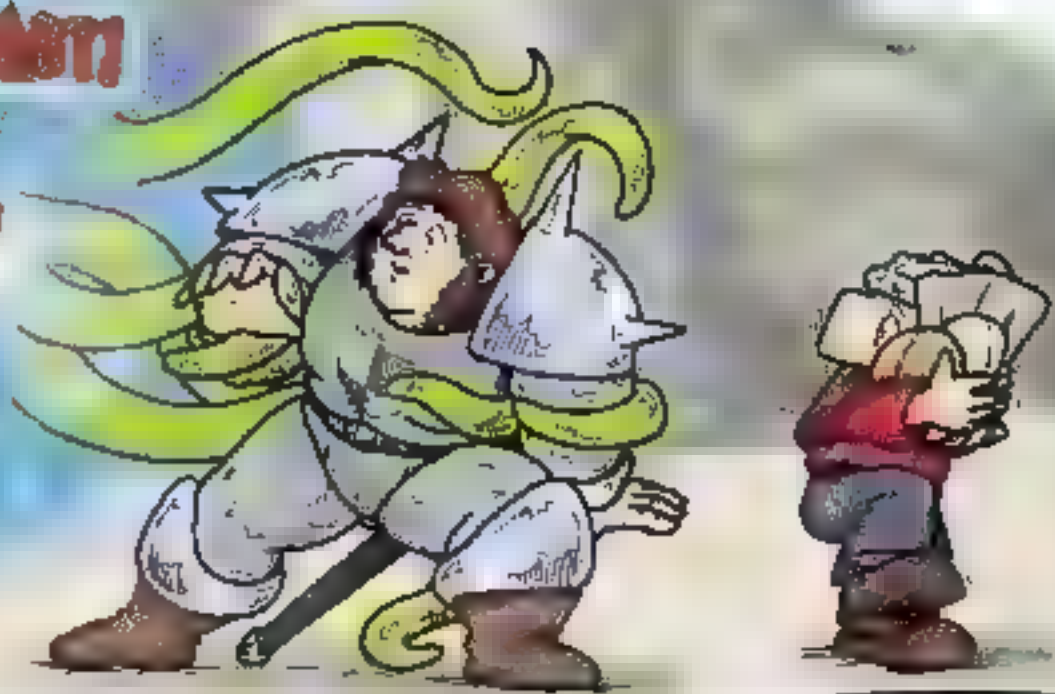


# Nodwick

YESSERIE! IT'S BEEN WAY TOO LONG SINCE WE'VE HAD LIMBURGER-HEAD CHEESE-SUPRISE CASSEROLE! IT'S A GOOD THING WE CAUGHT THE GROCER BEFORE HE DUMPED HIS "MONTH-OLD" BIN, HA?



**FEARAL STAND BAST!**  
THE COMPEL OF  
WIND-LOP-A-WHAT  
CALLED YOU TO  
ASSISTANT FOR  
YOUR OUTRAGE



SO, HOW WAS SHOPPING WITH YEAGAR? DID YOU HAVE FUN?



BEFORE I ANSWER THAT, LET ME JUST VOICE MY VOTE NOW FOR A "HELP WANTED" AD RATHER THAN A RESCUE ATTEMPT.





# Nodwick

YEAGAR YOU ARE CALLED  
BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF THREE-AND-  
A-HALF TO ACCOUNT FOR THE WRONG-  
DOINGS YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND  
GUILTY OF.

CONFESS  
NOW, AND YOU MAY  
YET EARN SOME  
LEMENCY.



CONFESS TO WHAT?  
I MEAN, NARROW YOUR BEEF DOWN TO  
SOMETHING SPECIFIC.

HOW CAN YOU CLAIM IGNORANCE?  
YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RUINATION  
OF INNOCENT LIVES THROUGH HUMILIATION,  
SLANDER AND PUBLIC DEGRADATION! THE  
PEOPLE YOU WRONGED STILL  
SUFFER YEARS AFTER  
YOUR EVIL ACTS!



WOW, YOU SOUND  
JUST LIKE A KID I KNEW  
FROM MY HOME TOWN.  
I DON'T REMEMBER HIS  
REAL NAME SINCE I ALWAYS  
CALLED HIM "FART-FOOT  
MCPOOT," BUT--

**SILENCE!**

PD  
FORGOTTEN  
ABOUT THAT  
ONE! "FART  
FOOT..."

HEE-HEE  
HEE-HEE!

HEY, YOU  
REMEMBER HOW  
THAT NAME GOT  
STARTED? HE--

**NOT  
IN FRONT  
OF THE  
PRISONER!!!**



# Nodwick

PERHAPS THE PASSAGE OF TIME HAS DULLED THE MEMORIES OF THE WRONGS YOU COMMITTED. NO MATTER YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE JUDGEMENT.

LET THE COUNCIL OF THREE-AND-A-HALF BE REVEALED!!!

HERE IS SPINOW FERNBOR. HE'S THE ONE WHO HAD TO STREAM THROUGH TOWN AFTER YOU POURED A PORTION OF UNRAVELING ON HIM DURING MAYDAY CELEBRATIONS.

AND URSALA MENDORN, WHO YOU VIOLATED BY RUINING HER FIRST DATE WITH YOUR "FISH CATAPULT." SHE CAN NEITHER COMMIT TO A RELATIONSHIP OR EAT SEAFOOD TO THIS DAY!

REMEMBER BYRON FINSTER? YOU TORMENTED HIM CONSTANTLY ABOUT HIS WEIGHT, BUT YOUR GREATEST EVIL AGAINST HIM IS SO UNSPEAKABLE, IT IS MERELY REFERRED TO AS "THE CHEESE INCIDENT."

AND LASTLY, THERE IS ME, BORTHOMENOW MACFORTH. I NEVER LIVED DOWN YOUR "FART FOOT" NICKNAME FOR ME. SO GREAT WAS MY SHAME THAT I LEARNED MAGIC TO FORGE THIS DEVICE THAT PLACES MY ODIFEROUS PODIATRIC APPENDAGES IN ANOTHER DIMENSION!

GEE. I NEVER SUSPECTED THAT MY CHILDHOOD DRINKS WOULD AFFECT MY PEERS SO MUCH THAT IT WOULD SHAPE THEIR LIVES FOR YEARS TO COME. IT REALLY MAKES ME WONDER...

IF THIS IS YOUR MOM'S BASEMENT OR IF IT BELONGS TO ONE OF THE OTHER SUPER-LOSERS YOU HANG OUT WITH.

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW WE HAVEN'T USED MY MOTHER'S BASEMENT FOR ALMOST FOUR MONTHS...

**SILENCE, WORM!!!**



# Nodwick



IT'S A KIND OF MYSTIC THREAD THAT WIZARDS USE WHEN TELEPORTING PEOPLE OR THINGS. YOU USE IT TO BE ABLE TO FIND THE EXACT SPOT SOMETHING CAME FROM IN CASE YOU NEED TO SEND IT BACK IN A HURRY. MAN, ONE OF THESE SAVED MY BACON WHEN I WAS AT THE WIZARD'S ACADEMY. I TRIED TELEPORTING MY OFF-CAMPUS GIRLFRIEND INTO MY DORM ROOM, BUT I GOT HER DAD INSTEAD. WHAT WAS WORSE, HE WAS JUST GETTING INTO THE SHOWER, SO ALL HE HAD ON WAS A TOWEL. HE HAD THIS GROUPING OF MARY'S THAT—



# Nodwick

OKAY, THIS IS WHERE THE  
TELEPORT SPELL CAME FROM,  
BUT I DON'T SEE--

OVER HERE,  
GUYS!

YEGGAR,  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

SOME DREDDY PEOPLE I KNEW WHEN I WAS  
A KID GAVE ME THE "SHRIMPY-BINK" TREATMENT. YOU'VE  
GOTTA BUST ME OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY GET BACK FROM  
THEIR "MUNCHIE RUN." I DIDN'T LIKE THE SOUND OF WHAT  
THEY WERE PLANNING TO DO WITH ME AFTER THEY  
GET THEIR SNACKS.

YOU MEAN  
THIS IS ALL FOR REVENGE OVER  
SOMETHING YOU DID TO OTHER CHILDREN  
WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG?

YEAH, MAKES YOU  
THINK DOESN'T IT?

IT MAKES  
ME THINK WE  
MIGHT NEED TO  
KEEP AN EYE  
OUT FOR YOUR  
PARENTS  
NEXT--

WILL YOU  
QUIT FLAPPIN'  
YOUR LIPS AND  
GET ME OUTTA  
THIS JAR?!!

TINK!



**Nodwick in:**

# Climb Every Mountain

(WHITE PLUMES)

YEAGAR, I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WORKED! THE ANSWER TO THE SPINX'S RIDDLE WAS "THE MOON!"

YEAH, SO?

SO, IF I HAD BEEN THE GUARDIAN, I WOULDN'T HAVE ACCEPTED YOUR DISPLAY OF FRUSTRATION AS THE ANSWER...

...BESIDES, THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE GOING TO DISPLAY YOUR SOUTHERN HEMISPHERES, GIVE US SOME NOTICE!

JUST BE GLAD THE RIDDLE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH MATH!

WHAT THE--

HMM-- A DARKNESS SPELL.

GUMPS! MY STAFF IS DETECTING EVIL! A VAMPIRE IS NEAR!

GOT HIM!

TAKE THIS!

**STAKE!**

SOH, YEAGAR, DO VAMPIRES GENERALLY HAVE NOSES THE SIZE OF GRAPEFRUIT?

WHOOOPS! ARTAX, GO GET PIFTANY AND HER DIET TAPE.

FOOLS! I HAVE EASILY EVADED YOUR CLUMSY ATTACKS!

NOW I SHALL DRAIN YOU OF EVERY DROP OF BLOOD!

EVADE THIS.

**KASPOO!**

THAT WAS FUN! WELL, IF YOU'RE DONE RESTING, NODWICK, YOU CAN GO GET THE HAMMER OVER THERE, AND WE CAN GO HUNT FOR THE NEXT WEAPON!

KNOW YE THAT I AM WIKELM, ENEMY TO ALL WHO BE GAAHT, TROLL OR GOBLIN-KON! THOU SHALT WIELD ME TRUE AND SMITE MY FOES!

UH, GUYS? DO WE REALLY NEED TO GO AND FIND THE OTHER TWO ITEMS?

YUP! CWOH!

OUR HEROES SEARCH AND MAKE A DISCOVERY.

LOOK! THAT MUST BE THE TRIDENT!

BEANS OF COOLNESS! TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO!

NOT TO RAIN CURSED ITEMS ON YOUR TREASURE HORDE, BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO SCOPE OUT WHAT'S GUARDING IT.

WANDA...

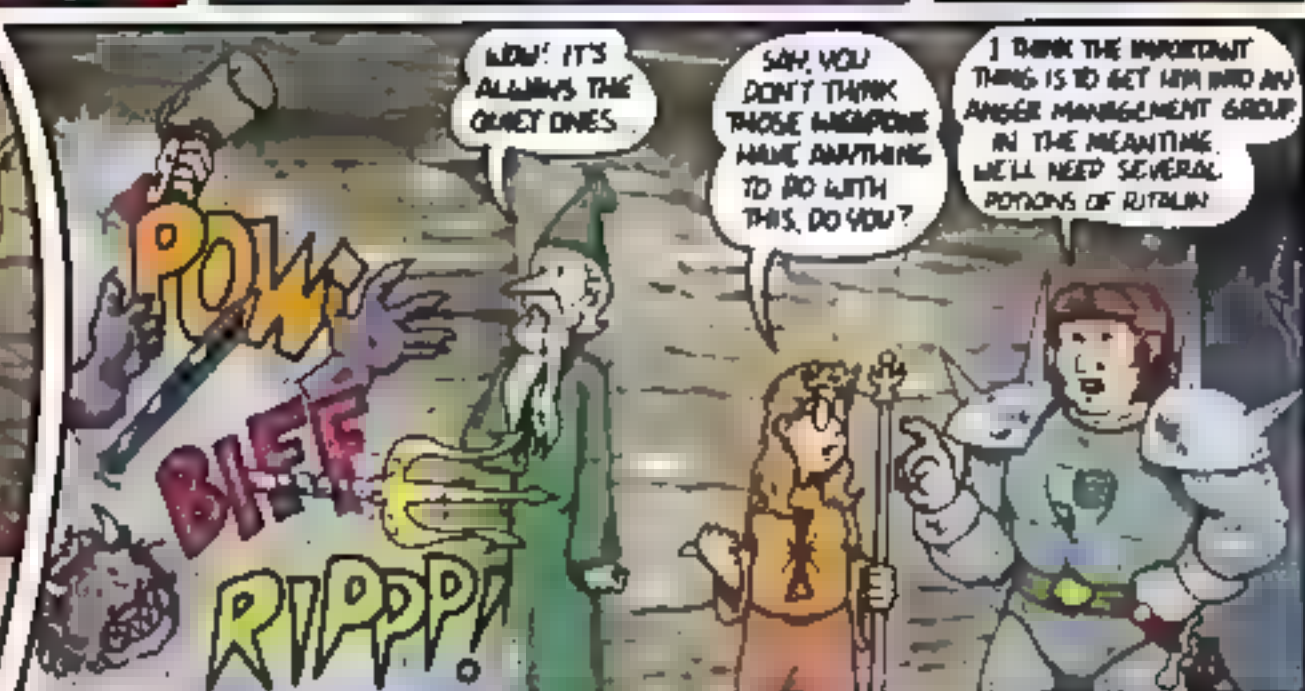
DOES EVERYONE HAVE WHAT THEY NEED?

CRAB CRACKER +5!

DECANTER OF ENDLESS BUTTER!

BIBS OF PROTECTION







# Nodwick

OKAY, SO NOW THAT  
WE'VE BUSTED YEAGAR OUT  
OF HIS GLASS PRISON, LET'S  
SCOOT BEFORE—

TOO LATE.  
WE'VE GOT  
COMPANY!

WHO HAS VIOLATED  
OUR INNER SANCTUM WHILE WE  
WERE OUT PURCHASING MUCH-NEEDED  
MUNCHIES FOR OUR PRISONER  
TORMENTING SESSION?

HAVE YOU'RE  
IN FOR IT NOW, YOU  
POSTER-KIDS FOR  
CHILDHOOD  
TRAUMA AND ADULT  
DEMENTIA? MY  
FRIENDS AND I ARE  
GOING TO HAND YOU  
YOUR BUTTS ON A  
PLATTER. EXCEPT  
FOR THE GUY WHO  
PUT HIS BUTT IN  
ANOTHER  
DIMENSION.

**IF YOU THINK I WAS TRUMPHATIZING WHEN WE WERE LITTLE, JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT. I'M GOING TO HAVE ALL OF YOU BEGGING FOR MORE!**

I'M GOING TO... ER  
HANG ON A MINUTE

OKAY, A LITTLE  
SUPPORT FROM HIS  
COLLEAGUES WOULD  
BE REALLY NICE FOR  
THE TWELVE-INCH-  
HIGH PERSON RIGHT  
ABOUT NOW.

WEEHEDNE  
WEEHEDNE  
WEEHEDNE

GIGGLE-GIGGLE  
SOCIETY



# Nodwick

I SHALL RELISH IN YOUR AGONY AS WE SHOW YOU THE TRUE MEANING OF—

YOU INTERRUPTED A PERFECTLY GOOD  
DRAMATIC STATEMENT OF INTENT—

NEVER MIND  
THAT. WHY DO  
YOU WANT TO  
BEAT UP ON  
VEAGAR?

WHACK

YOU MAY HAVE FREED  
YOUR CRIMINAL COMPANION  
BUT NOW YOU FACE THE FULL FURY  
OF THE COUNCIL OF THREE—  
AND A HALF!

BECAUSE THAT... MORM  
WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR RUINING OUR CHILD-  
HOODS AS WELL AS OUR LIVES!

WE'VE PLOTTED REVENGE  
FOR YEARS, GATHERING OUR POWERS  
SO THAT OUR HUMILIATION COULD BE  
AVENGED AND THE GUILTY PARTY  
BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!

YOU WASTED YOUR  
ENTIRE LIFE PLANNING TO  
KILL SOMEONE WHO MADE  
FUN OF YOU WHEN YOU  
WERE A KID? DOES THAT  
MAKE SENSE TO YOU?

WELL, WE WEREN'T  
PLAYING ON KILLING HIM, BUT NOW  
THAT YOU MENTION IT, THE WHOLE AFFAIR  
DOES HAVE A PETTY AIR TO IT...

WELL, IT DOES  
SOUND LIKE HE DESERVES A  
LITTLE CONSPIRACY FOR  
BEING NAUGHTY. WHAT DID  
YOU HAVE IN MIND?

HA! THE BAWDYGANG GAWT HAS  
TAKEN ANOTHER HIT FROM THE KING'S  
MIGHTY SIEGE ENGINE'S ROLL FOR DAMAGE,  
AND PASS ME SOME MORE GAWPES!

I TAKE IT THIS IS  
SUPPOSED TO TEACH  
HIM HUMILITY OR  
SOMETHING?

MAYBE  
AT LEAST IT'LL  
PUT HIM OFF OF  
MIND FOR A  
WHILE.



# Nodwick

presents:

## DEAR YEAGAR...

HELLO, READERS! SINCE PIFFANYS STILL RECOVERING FROM THE LAST TIME WE OPENED THE MAILBAG, I'VE BEEN PICKED TO RESPOND TO A LETTER.

"DEAR YEAGAR, I'VE BEEN ENJOYING YOUR WORK, BUT THERE ARE TWO THINGS I'M CONCERNED ABOUT: ONE, YOU'RE STARTING TO COME OFF AS NOTHING BUT A DRINKWARD, A CHARACTER LACKING DEPTH, AND TWO, YOU'RE ALWAYS SO MEAN TO NODWICK. WHY?"

WELL, AS TO THE FIRST CONCERN: WHILE I DO ENJOY A GOOD ALE OR TWO NOW AND AGAIN, THERE'S MUCH MORE TO ME THAN JUST CAROUSING AND UNDOING IT UP!

I'M ALSO A CONNOISSEUR OF THE THEATER. I'VE SEEN JUST ABOUT EVERY PRODUCTION OF "MY FAIR DAMZEL" THAT MADAME BUSTY LAVACIO HAS EVER PERFORMED IN!

IT'S ALSO NO SECRET THAT I'M THE BRAIN OF THIS OUTFIT. I'M THE ONE YOU CALL ON IF YOU WANT A HEAD CRACKED OR THE SMACK-DOWN PUT ON SOMETHING. YEP, I WORK HARD AND I PLAY HARD, AND I MAKE NO APOLOGIES FOR EITHER ONE!

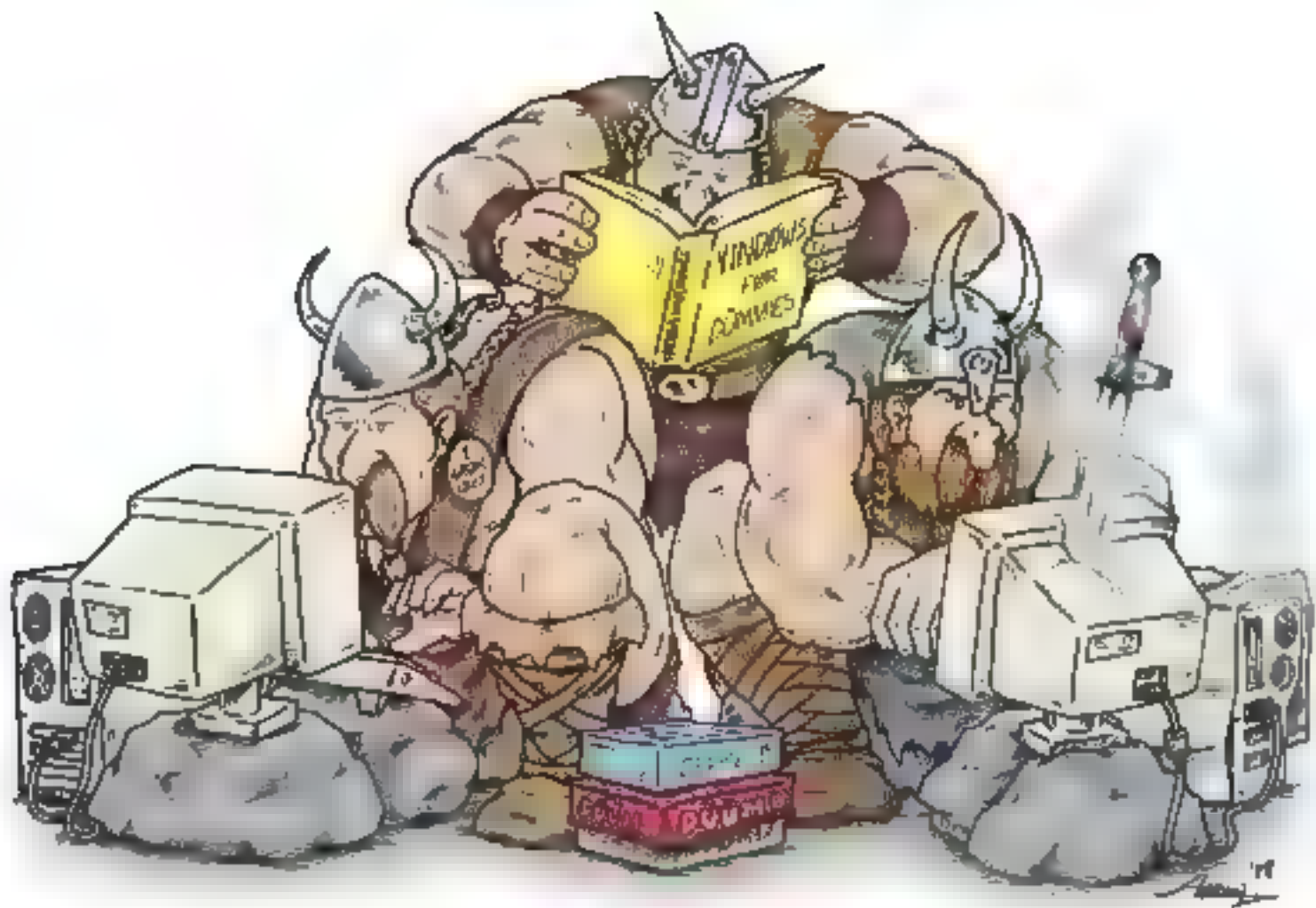
JUST THINK OF ME AS A WORKING JOE WHO'S TRYING TO GET TO THE TOP BY SLAYING EVERYTHING ALONG THE WAY, AND THAT'S THIRSTY WORK!

WHY, I EVEN ASKED MY COLLEAGUE ARTAX JUST THIS MORNING ABOUT MY HAVING "DEPTH." HE SAID IT WAS "UNMEASURABLE."

OH, I DON'T KNOW! I'D PUT IT AT ABOUT FOUR-AND-A-QUARTER INCHES SO FAR, TODAY.

WHICH BRINGS US TO CONCERN NUMBER TWO...

Arce



**CØMPÜTER NØRDS**





UM, EXCUSE ME,  
BUT I'M A LITTLE  
LOST--

YIPE! AN  
ADVENTURER!  
I'M DOOMED!!

ER, I'M A  
HENCHMAN, ACTUALLY.  
MY EMPLOYERS HAD ME  
SCOUT OUT A TUNNEL ON  
LEVEL TWO. IT HAD A PIT  
TRAP THAT DUMPED ME  
HERE. I'M JUST--

SPARE  
MY POOR,  
MISERABLE  
SELF FROM  
YOUR MIGHTY  
HAND!

YEAH, SURE. IF  
YOU COULD JUST  
POINT ME TOWARDS  
THE NEAREST--

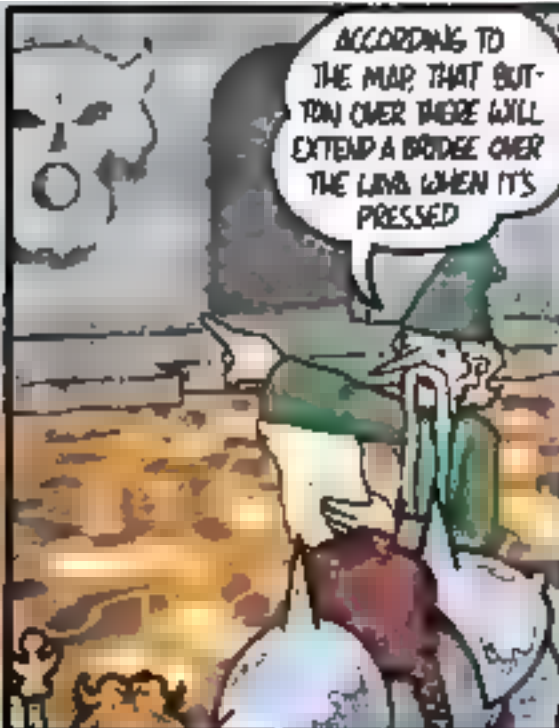
OH, I HAVE  
SEEN MY LAST  
SUNRISE! DEATH'S  
BLADE SURELY  
FALLS UPON ME  
THIS DAY!!

GUARD DUTY  
ISN'T YOUR  
REGULAR GIG,  
IS IT?

YOU'D BE SURPRISED  
HOW LITTLE USE A  
KOBOLD TRIBE HAS  
FOR AN ECONOMICS  
MAJOR...









# Nodwick

...AND THE MAP SAYS THAT THIS  
STONE HEAD IS ONLY A FEW LEAGUES FROM  
OUR TARGET. WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

WOULD YOU MIND  
READING THE WHOLE  
LETTER AGAIN?

SURE THING. DEAR ADVENTURERS, PLEASE COME  
RAID THE CASTLE OF EVIL-BUT-RICH MONSTERS. WE WILL PAY  
YOU 10,000 GOLD PIECES WHEN YOU FINISH KILLING EVERYTHING  
AT THE CASTLE OF EVIL-BUT-RICH MONSTERS. DON'T FORGET  
TO BRING YOUR MENCHMAN SO YOU CAN CARRY AWAY ALL THE  
MONEY YOU'RE GOING TO FIND."

DOESN'T THAT  
CASTLE NAME SOUND A LITTLE  
ODD TO YOU?

NOPE. "SO BRING  
YOUR MENCHMAN AND GET  
READY TO BE WEALTHY! THANK YOU  
FOR SAVING US FROM THE CASTLE  
OF EVIL-BUT-RICH MONSTERS.  
SIGNED, A NEARBY INNOCENT VILLAGE  
YOU'VE PROBABLY NEVER  
HEARD OF."

DOESN'T THE  
STRUCTURE OF THAT  
LETTER TELL YOU  
SOMETHING?

I'M  
WAY AHEAD  
OF YOU!

I THINK THE  
HANDWRITING IS BAD  
ENOUGH THAT I CAN ADD A  
FEW MORE ZEROS ON TO  
THAT READERS TOTAL!

ARE YOU SURE  
HIS BRAIN ISN'T CORRUPTED  
OR SOMETHING?

I'VE HAD A  
HARD TIME BELIEVING  
IT, MYSELF...

# Noodwick

By *Arax*

THIS SO-CALLED "MAP" LOOKS LIKE IT WAS DRAWN BY A TODDLER, AND THAT CASTLE OVER THE HILL LOOKS FISHER THAN THE LOWER HALVES OF A DOZEN MERMAIDS. THIS IS EITHER AN ELABORATE PRANK OR A SET-UP FOR AN—

AMBUSH!





# Nodwick

I TRUST MY  
MINIONS DID NOT TREAT  
YOU TOO ROUGHLY WHILE  
TRANSPORTING YOU HERE,  
DID THEY?

WHO--?

TELL ME,  
MASTER NODWICK: IS IT  
TRUE THAT YOU ONCE  
LIFTED AND MOVED THE  
GREAT OBELISK OF  
PIN-RE-SET FROM HIS  
DESERT TOMB?

WAS IT  
NOT YOU WHO  
BROUGHT THE  
COLOSSUS OF  
MEGLEN-BAR TO  
OUR LANDS ON  
YOUR BACK?

WELL, YES, BUT  
NEITHER REALLY LOOKED GOOD  
ON THE LAWN, SO PIFFANY HAD ME  
LUG THEM TO THE CHILDREN'S  
MUSEUM--

I CARE NOT  
ABOUT YOUR LAND-  
SCAPING EFFORTS. WHAT  
DOES INTEREST ME IS YOUR  
SKILLS IN THE ART OF OBJECT  
TRANSPORTATION. YOU  
WILL SHARE THEM  
WITH US.

IN FACT, IF YOU ARE WISE,  
YOU WILL COME TO CALL THIS PLACE HOME.  
YOU WILL BECOME ONE OF US.

ONE OF THE  
BROTHERHOOD  
OF EVIL  
HENCHMEN!

NICE NAME.  
DO YOU GET A DECODER  
RING WITH THAT?

ONLY AFTER  
FIVE YEARS SERVICE. I'M  
ONLY TWO MORE YEARS AWAY  
FROM A MONOGRAMMED  
GAROTTE!

Alamy

# Nodwick

COME, I HAVE MUCH  
TO SHOW YOU ABOUT OUR  
ORGANIZATION.

BEHOLD THE BROTHERHOOD!  
WE ARE A BAND OF HUMANS, HUMANIDS, AND  
OTHER MOSTLY ILL-SPIRITED RACES, BOUND TO  
SERVE THOSE WHO STRIVE TO BRING CHAOS AND  
WICKEDNESS TO THE WORLD.

I AM SURE THIS PLACE IS NOT UNLIKE YOUR  
UNION HALL. WE ARE ASSIGNED TO OUR MASTERS, WE TRADE  
TALES, WE SEEK TO COLLECTIVELY IMPROVE OUR LOT WHEN  
NOT STABBING EACH OTHER IN THE BACK.

WHEREAS YOU AND YOUR ILK ARE  
COMMITTED TO THE TRANSPORTATION OF  
BULKY ITEMS, OUR SPECIALTIES LIE MOSTLY IN  
THE PROCUREMENT OF RARE AND UNUSUAL  
ITEMS KEY IN DIABOLICAL PLANS.

WELCOME,  
STRANGER!  
BRAIN?

SOME OF US,  
HOWEVER, TEND TO GET IN  
A BIT OF A RUT...



# Nodwick

NOW COME.  
WE HAVE MUCH  
TO LEARN FROM  
EACH OTHER.

I WANT  
TO SEE YOU  
LIFT IT.

THIS OBELISK WAS  
HEWN FROM THE HEARTSTONE OF A  
DEAD VOLCANO. IT TOOK HUNDREDS  
OF MEN TO BRING IT HERE.

I CAN'T JUST  
LIFT SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?  
SURELY YOU'VE HAD GREATER  
LOADS ON YOUR BACK.

BUT LIFTING THAT WOULD SURELY  
SNAP MY SPINE! IT MUST WEIGH AT LEAST FIVE  
TONS, AND YOU WANT ME TO TRY AND PICK IT UP?  
YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING.

SAY, YOU DON'T THINK  
IT WOULD LOOK BETTER OVER AGAINST  
THE WALL, DO YOU?

HOW'S IT  
GOING?

I THINK I MIGHT  
HAVE UNCOVERED A RATHER  
BIZARRE SECRET ABOUT  
HOW THE UNIVERSE  
WORKS...

# Nodwick

I CAN SEE THAT YOU HAVE MUCH TO TEACH US ABOUT THE WAYS OF TRANSPORTING THINGS. NOW, LET ME TELL YOU WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER YOU.

OURS IS A WAY BASED ON PROCUREMENT. WHEN OUR MASTERS ASK US TO FETCH SOMETHING, ANYTHING, IF IT IS POSSIBLE, WE CAN GET IT.

BEOROR, FOR EXAMPLE, HE WAS ASKED TO FETCH A BRAIN, AND THOUGH THERE IS MARY A SOUL FOR LEAGUES IN ANY DIRECTION, HE FOUND ONE.

IT WAS NOTHING, MASTER THEOBOR.

BY THE WAY, WHO ASKED YOU TO FETCH IT?

WHY, YOU DID.

WHAT? WHEN DID I DO THAT?

AFTER I SPILLED ORANGE JUICE ON YOUR CROSSWORD THIS MORNING, YOU SAID, "IF I HAD HALF A MIND..." WELL, THE REST OF IT WAS GARBLED, BUT I WENT OUT AND—

YES, YES, WE NEVER SAID THAT VERBAL NUANCE WAS ONE OF OUR STRONG SUITS.

HANG ON, YOU SAID HALF A MIND. WHY DID HE BRING BACK A WHOLE BRAIN?

FROM WHAT I COULD TELL, IT WASN'T DOING THE WORK OF AN ENTIRE BRAIN FOR ITS OWNER, SO I PLAYED IT SAFE.

A RELATIVE OF YOURS, WAS HE?

I'M THINKING OUR ORGANIZATIONS HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN I'M COMFORTABLE WITH.



# Noodwick

WELL, LOOK, THIS IS FLATTERING AND ALL, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M UNDER CONTRACT WITH THE HENCHMAN'S LOCAL. I COULDN'T JOIN YOU EVEN IF I WANTED TO.



THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT. IF YOU CAME OVER TO OUR SIDE, CONTRACTS WOULD HAVE NO HOLD OVER YOU. BREAKING YOUR WORD IS A BENEFIT OF WORKING WITH OUR ORGANIZATION.

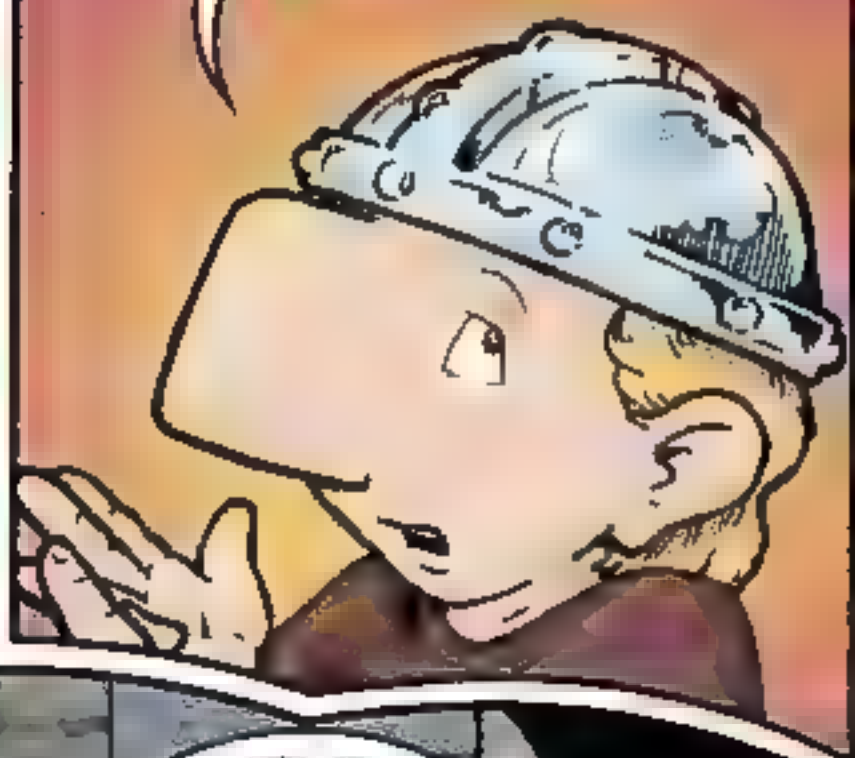


BENEFITS? WHAT OTHER KINDS OF BENEFITS DO YOU GET?

OH, LET'S SEE... YOU GET TO ASSOCIATE WITH POWERFUL A-TYPE PERSONALITIES. YOUR SALARY CONSISTS OF ALL THE MONEY YOU CAN SCROUNGE FROM YOUR EMPLOYERS' VICTIMS. YOU GET TO TORTURE PRISONERS AND OTHERS BELOW YOU. THE LIST GOES ON. WHAT KIND OF BENEFITS DO YOU GET?

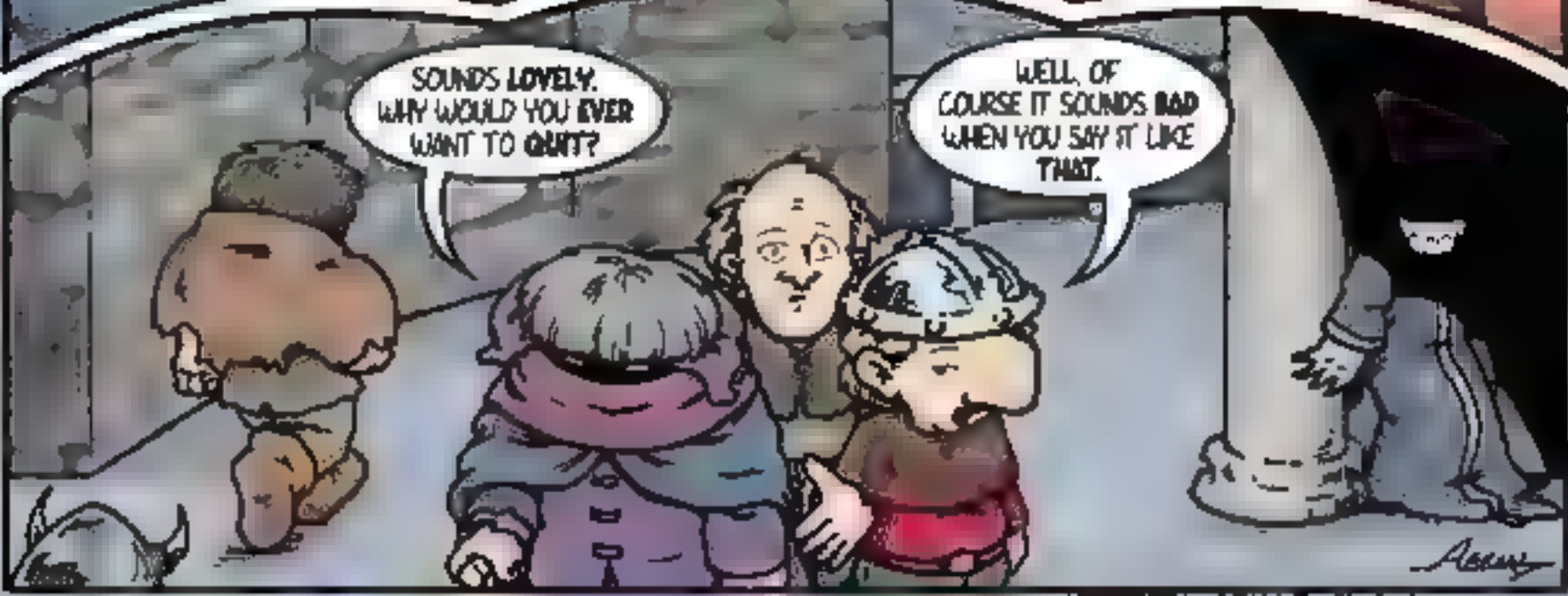


JUST ENOUGH PAY TO KEEP FROM STARVING. FREE TRAVEL TO EXOTIC LANDS. FAMILIARITY WITH NON-HUMANOID BIOLOGY, MOSTLY DIGESTIVE SYSTEMS. FREEDOM FROM THE FEAR OF DYING...

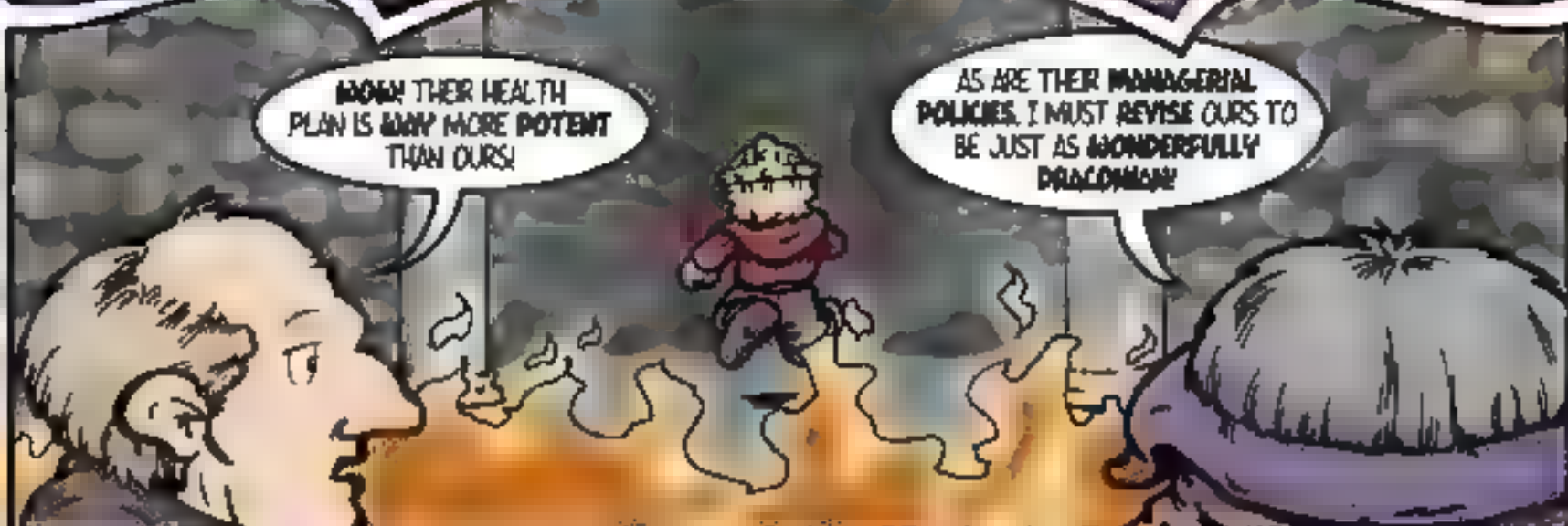
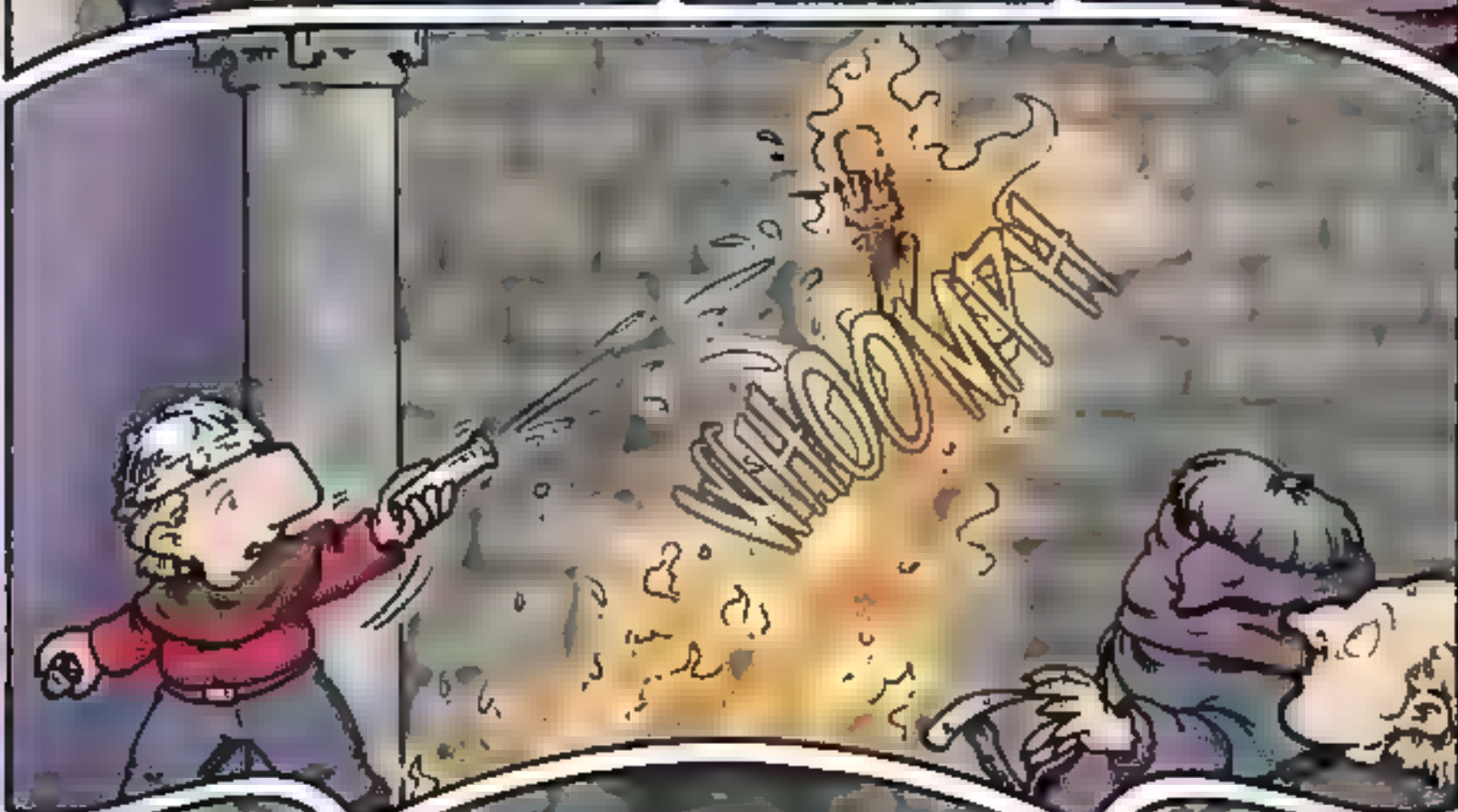
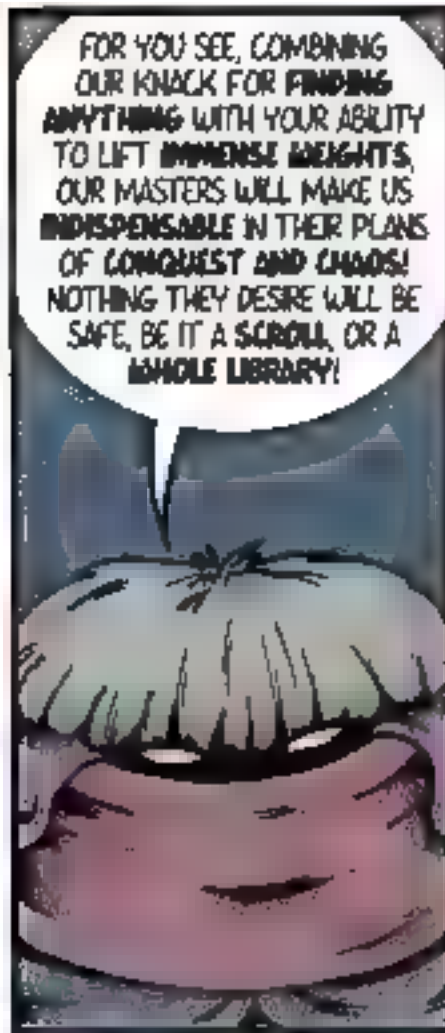
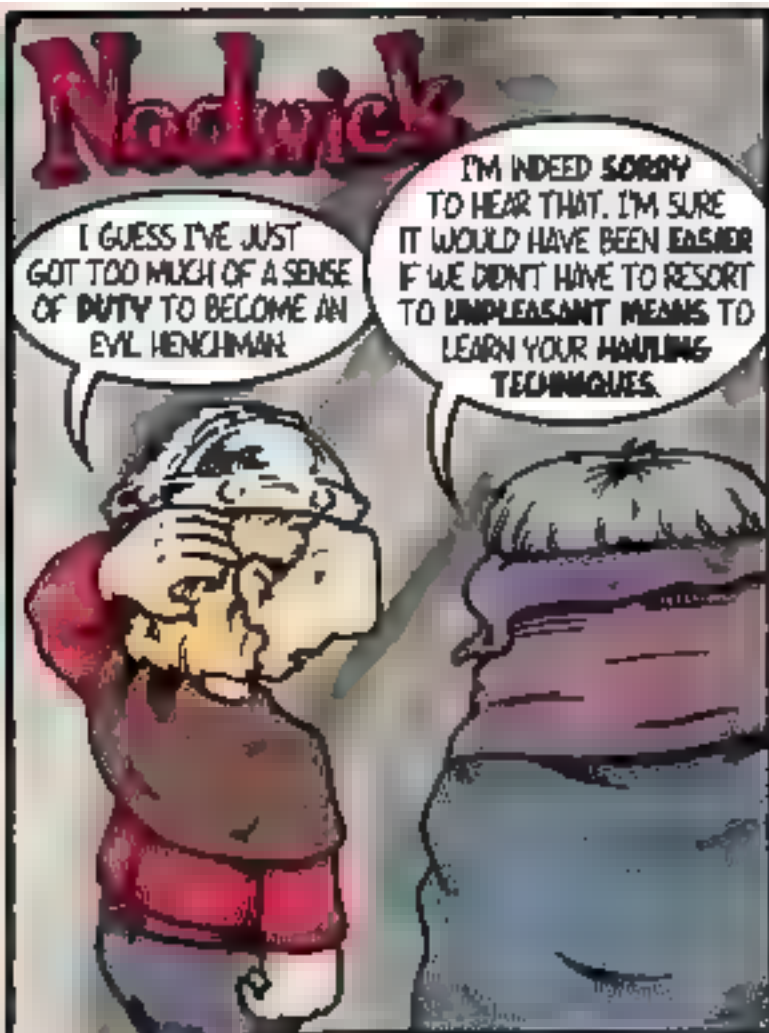


SOUNDS LOVELY. WHY WOULD YOU EVER WANT TO QUIT?

WELL, OF COURSE IT SOUNDS BAD WHEN YOU SAY IT LIKE THAT.

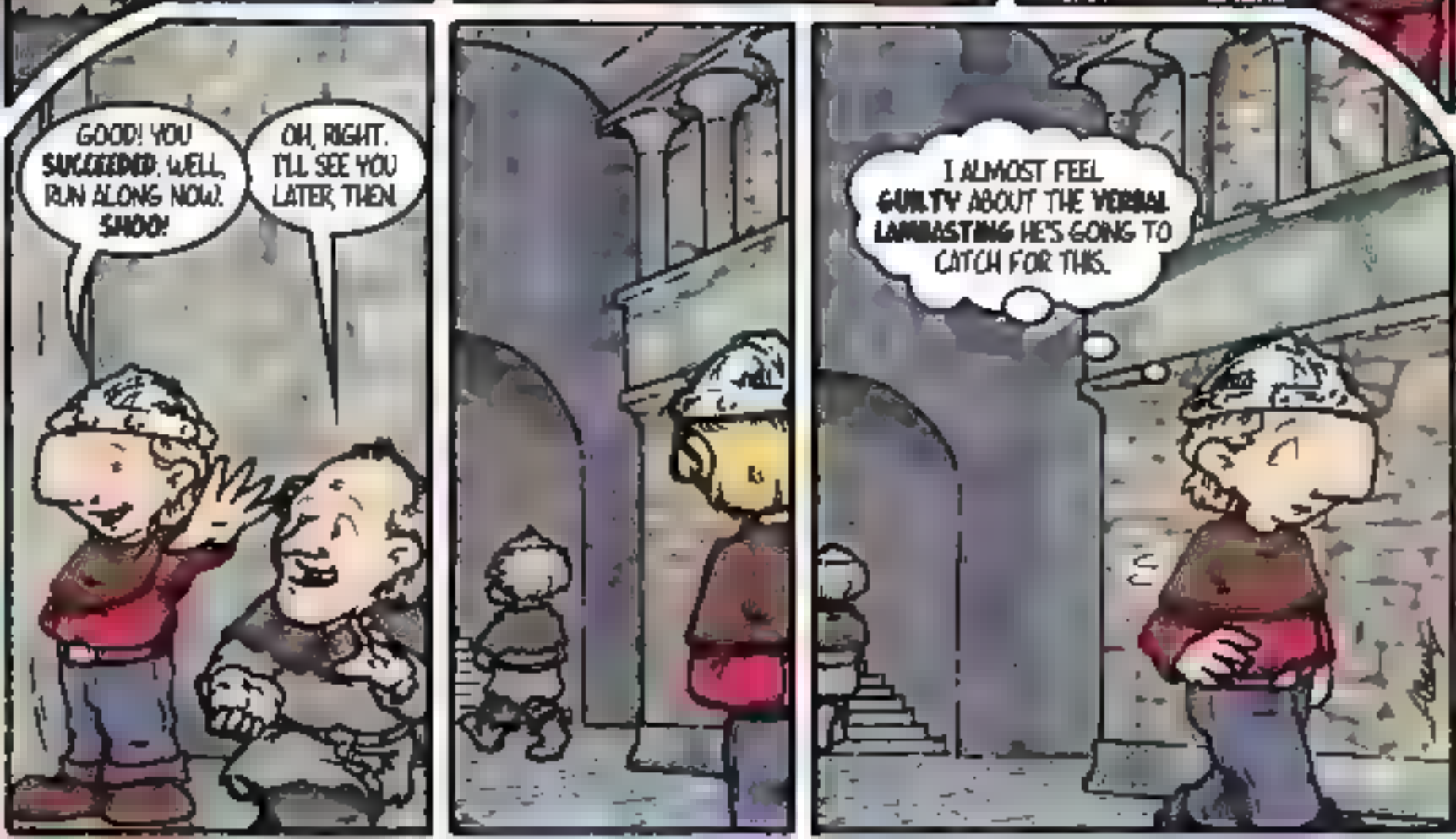
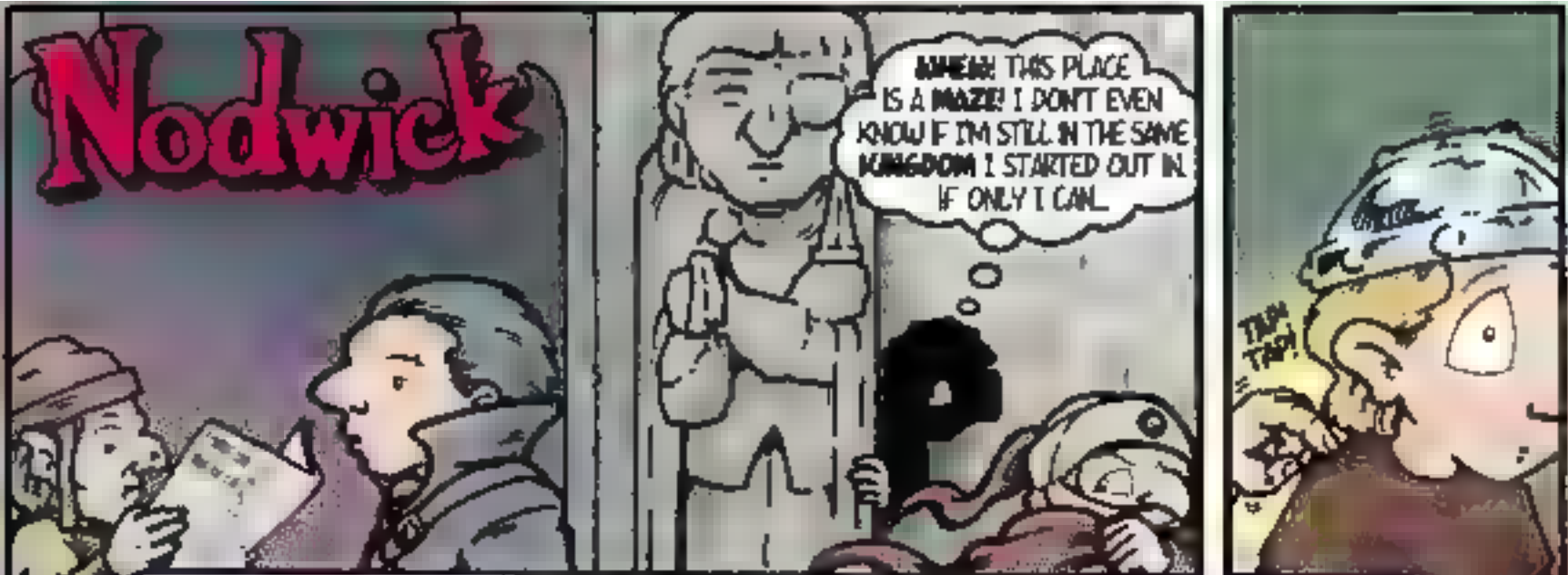








# Nodwick





# Nodwick

OH, THAT  
WASN'T NICE AT  
ALL! I GOT IN  
SO MUCH  
TROUBLE!

THEOGOR  
TOLD ME THAT IF I  
DIDN'T COME BACK WITH  
YOU IN TWENTY MINUTES,  
I'D BE SMART TO NOT  
COME BACK  
AT ALL!

THEN YOU  
DONT HAVE TO GO  
BACK I THINK I LAST  
SAW YOU ABOUT  
THIRTY MINUTES  
AGO.

OH, YOU'RE RIGHT.  
I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE  
STOPPED IN THE BATHROOM TO  
MOISTEN MY BRAIN!

TOUGH BREAK  
YOU WIN SOME, YOU  
LOSE SOME.

SIGH.  
TOO TRUE.

YOU SHOULD LEARN  
TO RELAX. IF YOU NEED  
ME, YOU'LL KNOW WHERE  
TO FIND ME.

ONE SCRUBBING LATER.

BATH

I'M GOING TO  
HAVE TO PICK MY WORDS  
MORE CAREFULLY,  
AREN'T I?

I THINK  
HE DID IT TO  
US AGAIN.



# Nodwick

I'VE FINALLY FOUND THE EXIT! OF COURSE, I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY LEADS HOME...

DODOM, I'M IN SUCH A MOOD!

OH, HI.

NO MORE TRICKS! YOU AND I ARE SUPPOSED TO COME BACK TO THEOGOR. NO DELAYS, NO NOTHING!

OKAY, DUMP THE BRAIN AND LET'S GO.

WHAT? MY BRAIN?

HE SAID ONLY YOU AND I. THE BRAIN'S A THIRD WHEEL, DON'T YOU THINK?

BUT I'VE NEVER JUST LEFT A BRAIN BEFORE.

WELL, I COULD PUT IT BACK FOR YOU, IF I KNEW WHERE YOU GOT IT FROM.

WOULD YOU? I FOUND IT IN A HEAD OFF TO THE SOUTHWEST. I DON'T THINK YOU CAN MISS IT.

NO PROBLEM. I'LL MAKE SURE IT GETS THERE SAFE AND SOUND!

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING NEW NOW: A REASON NOT TO HURT YOU FURTHER.


I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D LIKE ME TO GO FIND ONE FOR YOU?

Alamy




HAVE  
YOU GOT A  
MINUTE, MISS  
COPIN?

AH, MASTER NODWICKI  
I WANT TO THANK YOU  
FOR HELPING ME WITH  
MY LAST BALLAD. IT'S  
QUITE THE HIT!




YEAH, ABOUT THAT... MY EMPLOYERS  
ASKED ME TO COME AND INQUIRE IF YOU'D  
RETOOL IT A BIT. WHILE EVERYONE KNOWS  
THE SONG AND THE PUBLICITY HAS BEEN  
OVERWHELMING...



IT'S NOT  
QUITE THE TYPE  
OF NOTORIETY THEY  
WERE HOPING  
TO GET.

REALLY?  
WHAT KIND  
WERE THEY  
AFTER?



THE "NOT-  
POINTING-AND-  
LAUGHING"  
KIND.

HMM... I SUPPOSE  
WE COULD CUT OUT  
THE VERSE ABOUT HOW  
THEY MANAGED TO BE  
**OUTSMARTED BY A  
KOBOLD WEARING A LAMP  
SHADE...**



HOLD, TRESPASSING  
SURFACE DWELLER!



YOU HAVE ENTERED THE DOMAIN OF THE  
DROW. OUR UNDERGROUND EMPIRE IS VAST  
AND POWERFUL, SO BEGONE, LEST YOU GAIN  
IT'S VENGEFUL ATTENTION!



I DO APOLOGIZE!  
IT WAS NEVER MY  
INTENTION TO INTRUDE.  
COMING HERE WAS  
TRULY AN HONEST  
MISTAKE.



ESPECIALLY SEEING  
THAT ~~YESTERDAY~~,  
THIS PLACE WAS  
THE CORNER OF  
THE BASEMENT  
WHERE PIFFANY  
KEPT HER  
PRESERVES.

BLAME THE UNDERDARK  
REAL ESTATE CRISIS, FOR  
IT HAS COST YOU YOUR  
BASEMENT... AND YOUR  
STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.





Noobick

DID THE WORLD  
SEEM ALL NORMAL TO  
YOU JUST NOW?

IT ISN'T MY FAULT  
THIS TIME, I THREW OUT  
MY SIZING STAFF  
WEEKS AGO!

IT'S VREGOR.  
HE JUST FILLED  
THE COURTYARD  
WITH LOTS OF  
SHINY THINGS.

WHAT'S MORE  
IMPRESSIONS. IT LOOKS  
LIKE HE'S CARRYING  
THEM HIMSELF!

YEAGAR?  
WHAT'S ALL  
THIS?

OH H GUYS, I GOT UP  
EARLY AND THOUGHT I'D  
GET A HEAD START ON THIS  
WEEK'S ADVENTURING.

# EPIC FOR A DAY

YOU WENT  
ADVENTURING  
WITHOUT  
HELP?

NOT ENTIRELY.  
I BROUGHT  
NOOBICK  
ALONG, BUT HE  
KIND OF—

OH NO,  
YOU DIDN'T  
GET HIM  
KILLED  
AGAIN, DID YOU?

NOPE. CROSSFIRE  
FROM THE SMARTOUTH ORGIAN  
MORRIS AND THE BARRONAGUS CABAL  
DID THAT.

YOU GOT IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A FIGHT BETWEEN  
THE MORRIS AND THE  
CABAL?

YEAH, THEY TEAMED UP AGAINST ME. IT  
WAS RIGHT AFTER I WHIPPED THE DRAGONKING  
OVERBOARD THE BLITTHIDS UNDER MARRONOR  
CASTLE, AND THE "LAWKERS IN DARKNESS"  
INFESTING THE SEWERS UNDER THE TOWN.

WHEN DID  
YOU DO ALL OF  
THAT?

RIGHT BEFORE BREAK-  
FAST. IN FACT, I'M LATE FOR  
MY FIGHT WITH VREGOR.  
THE DESTROYER. I'LL BE  
RIGHT BACK.

DID I MISS  
SOMETHING?  
HE SEEMED  
PERFECTLY  
NORMAL  
YESTERDAY.

ASIDE FROM  
THAT HELMET.

HE DUG IT OUT  
OF THE TUNNEL LAST  
NIGHT. I THINK HE  
WAS LOOKING FOR  
THOSE ELVEN  
FORTILITY TOTEMS  
WE THREW OUT.

HE PUT IT ON JUST TO GET  
IT OUT OF THE WAY AND  
SUDDENLY...

HE COULD DO THE MOST  
AMAZING THINGS HE WAS  
LAST JUPPABLE.

BUT THAT HELMET IS JUNK. WE  
BOUGHT IT FROM A GNOMEISH SOUVENIR HAWKER  
DURING LAST YEAR'S "TRAMPOLINOLOGIA"  
TOURNAMENT.

MAYBE IT  
WAS WORTH THE  
THIRTY GOLD WE  
PAID FOR IT.

LET'S  
NOT GO  
WITS THERE  
PFFHH

WELL,  
THAT WAS  
FINE. ON MY  
WAY BACK, I  
CHALLENGED A  
GOD TO A  
POEL AND—  
WHAT?





# Nodwick

...AND NOW, HENCHMEN'S LOCAL #244 WILL PRESENT THE FINAL TWO AWARDS FOR THIS YEAR'S HENCHMAN RECOGNITION CEREMONY.

THE "GRIN AND BEAR IT" AWARD GOES TO LURDWICK, WHO MANAGED TO ENDURE A FALL INTO A PIT FULL OF RABID TROLL-BEARS, THE SUBSEQUENT FLOODING OF SAID PIT BY HIS ADVENTURER EMPLOYERS, AND DIGESTION BY A KORMADIN SEA-BEAST UPON WASHING INTO AN UNDERGROUND LAKE.

LURDWICK COULDN'T BE HERE THIS EVENING, BUT HE SENDS THIS TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.

WHILE WE GET ALL OF LURDWICK BACK TO THE INFIRMARY, THE "HENCH OF THE YEAR" AWARD WILL BE PRESENTED BY LAST YEAR'S WINNER, NODWICK.

THANK YOU. THIS YEAR, THE AWARD GOES TO A HENCHMAN WHO REALLY **STOOD OUT** FOR HAULING AN ESTIMATED **TWO TONS** IN ONE TRIP! PLEASE GIVE A ROUND OF APPLAUSE TO FRENWICK!

ER, IS FRENWICK PRESENT?

DOWN HERE.

AH, STRAIGHTENING UP IS STILL A PROBLEM FOR YOU, IS IT?

PROBLEM? HECK, NO! I'VE FOUND TONS OF LOST CHANGE WALKING AROUND LIKE THIS.

NICE SHOES, BY THE WAY.

Neary

SO, THE HILL  
GIANTS LET YOU  
GO, TOO?

YEAH. AFTER  
I RE-ARRANGED  
ULK'S LIVING ROOM  
TO HIS WIFE'S SPECS,  
THEY LOST INTEREST  
IN HAVING ME  
AROUND.

SO WHY  
HAVEN'T THEY  
RELEASED  
YEAGAR?

HE MUST STILL  
BE USEFUL TO THAT  
NAUGHTY BIG-STINKY  
ULK!!

BUT HOW?  
WHAT SERVICE  
COULD HE  
POSSIBLY  
PROVIDE?

I CAN'T  
THINK OF  
ANYTHING,  
EXCEPT...

OH NO...

...AND THAT'S A PYRAMID SCHEME.  
NOW, AFTER I SHOW YOU HOW TO LAUNDER  
MONEY, WE'LL MOVE ON TO SOME IDEAS  
THAT'LL NET YOU SO MUCH CASH, YOU'LL  
WANNA PAY ME 15% JUST TO ALLEVIATE  
YOUR GOLD STORAGE EXPENSES!





GREETINGS, NOBLE  
WARRIOR! WE WELCOME YOU  
AND YOUR COMPANIONS!



WE ARE THE PRISONERS OF  
THE HILL GIANT WHO GUARDS  
THIS CAVE! WOULDST THOU TAKE  
US TO SAFETY, O MIGHTY ONE?



WHATEVER YOU  
SAY, MY ELVEN  
MONEY-BUCKET!

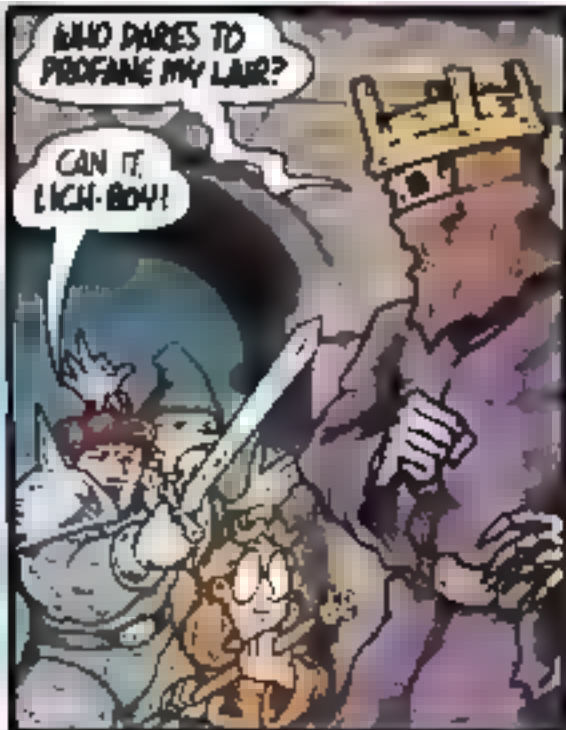
ER, YEAGAR? IT WOULD SEEM  
OBVIOUS TO EVEN THE MOST CASUAL  
OBSERVER THAT REAL ELVEN  
NOBILITY WOULDN'T BE HANGING  
OUT IN A FOUL-SMELLING CAVE  
SURROUNDED BY EVIL-LOOKING  
MAGIC APPARATUS. THEY ALSO  
SHOULDN'T BE SETTING OFF PITANY'S  
MAIGHTY-O-METER LIKE A DEMON  
AT A PUPPY BUFFET.



CONTRARY TO... MOST OF  
MY DATING HISTORY, NOT EVERY  
WOMAN WHO'S INTERESTED IN  
ME IS A FLESH-CRAWLING  
ABOMINATION!

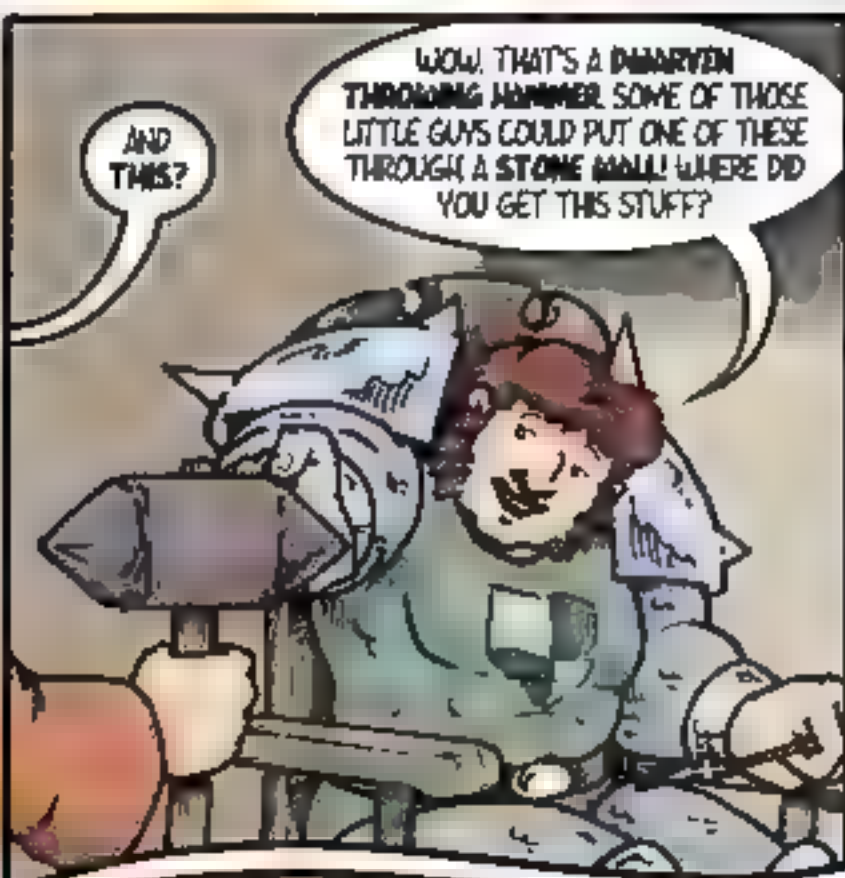
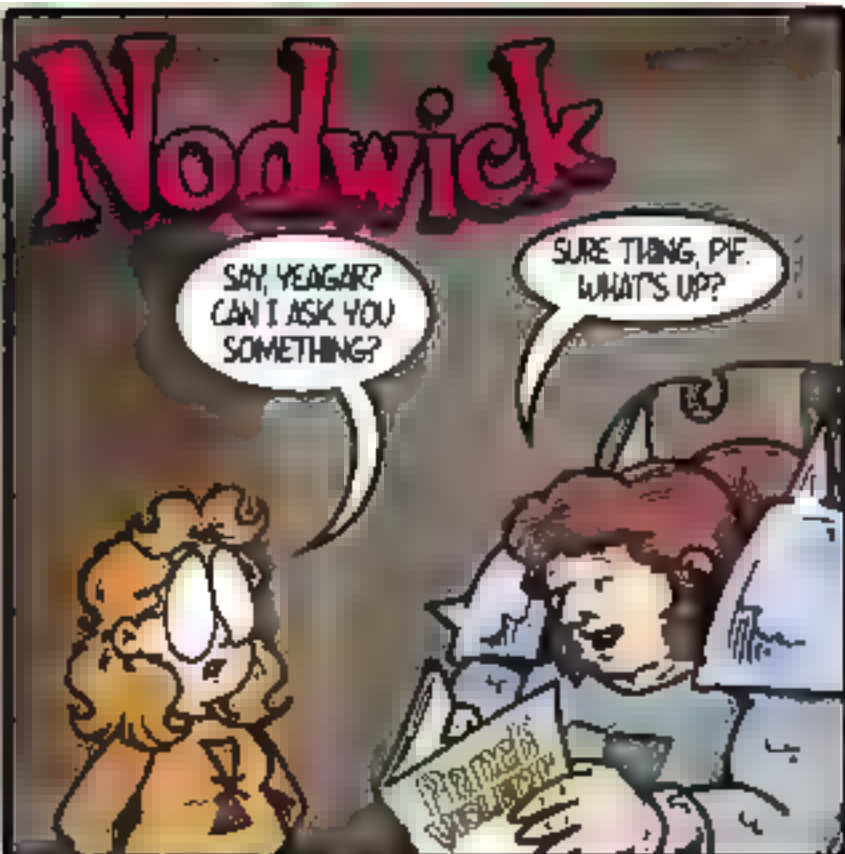
REALLY?  
HAVE YOU BEEN  
SEEING SOME-  
ONE WE DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT?













# Nodwick

Yeagar's War Log:  
War still happening.  
Bars still closed.  
War stinks.  
So do the dwarves  
and elves.

IT LOOKS LIKE  
THE DWARVES HAVE FOUGHT  
THE ELVES TO A STANDSTILL.  
HOW LONG WILL THE  
SKIRMISHING GO ON?

THE LAST WAR  
BETWEEN THOSE TWO  
LASTED A HUNDRED YEARS.  
AT LEAST THEY QUIT USING  
THE CATAPULTS FOR  
A WHILE.

NOT TO ALARM  
ANYONE, BUT IT LOOKS  
LIKE SOME SCOUTING  
PARTIES HAVE COME  
THROUGH THE  
SOUTH WALL.

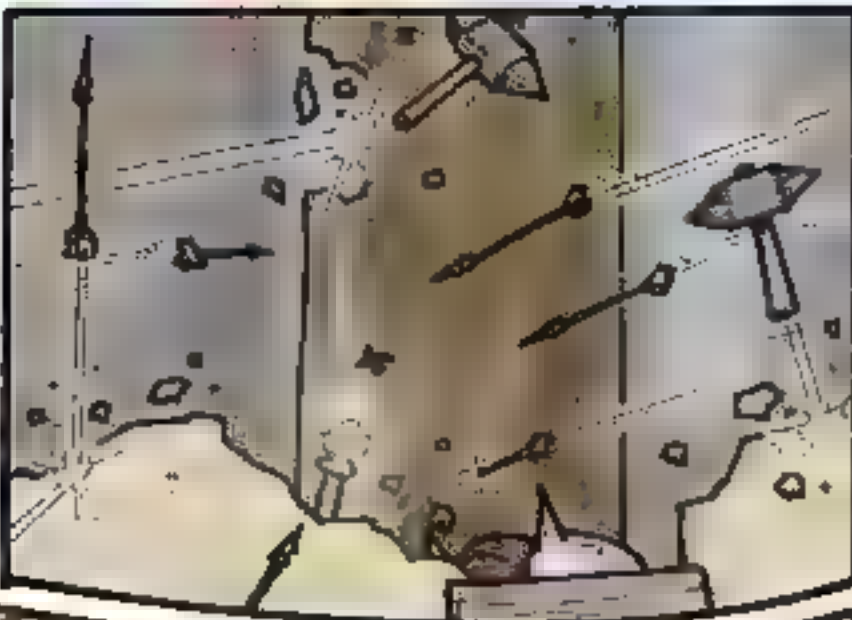
THEY SEEM MORE  
INTERESTED IN FIGHTING EACH OTHER.  
THEY'LL PROBABLY LEAVE US ALONE IF  
WE LEAVE THEM ALONE.

BUT WHAT  
COULD THEY WANT  
WITH-- WAIT--

OH, NO!  
THEY'RE-- THEY'RE  
KILLING THEM!

YOU NO-GOODY STINKY  
HEADS! YOU KILLED THEM ALL! THEY  
NEVER DID ANYTHING TO YOU!

I'LL DE-MAUGHTIFY  
YOU INTO THE MIDDLE OF  
NEXT WEEK, YOU--



TAKE IT EASY,  
PIFFANY. WE'LL HELP YOU  
PLANT A NEW FLOWER  
GARDEN.

OKAY... OKAY...  
FINDING MY HAPPY  
PLACE... GETTING  
BETTER...

YEAH, DON'T  
WORRY, YOUR TULIPS,  
UM... WILL BE  
AVENGED.

OH, GOODY. THEN  
MAYBE WE CAN AVENGE  
THE INDIRBATH THEY  
JUST BUSTED UP...

Acme



# Nodwick

«I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ANY DWARVES WOULD DISHONOR THEMSELVES LIKE THIS!»

«ON CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, WE'RE FIGHTING A WAR WITH OUR HATED ELVEN ENEMIES, AND YOU TWO SPEND YOUR TIME SCROUNGING ABOUT THIS SLUM OF A TOWN, NO DOUBT LOOTING WHILE YOUR BRETHREN FIGHT!»

\*TRANSLATED FROM DWARVEN

«NEED I REMIND YOU WHAT'S AT STAKE HERE? YOU SHOULD BE OUT BUSTING THE POINTED EARS OFF OF ELVEN SCUM, OR ROUNDING UP THE LOCALS FOR WORK DETAILS!»

«IF EVERY HAND WASN'T NEEDED ON THE FIELD, I'D DISPENSE WITH THIS DRESSING-DOWN AND JUST TRY YOU TWO FOR TREASON!»

«BELIEVE ME, YOUR TENTS WILL BE SEARCHED, AND IF YOU'VE BEEN GATHERING ~~SACKS~~ INSTEAD OF HELPING THE WAR EFFORT, YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF ~~SACKING~~ FROM A TREE!»

«WELL? HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELVES?»

«HEM... UM, DWARF, DWARF... DWARF... DWARF DWARF DWARF... DWARF... UM, DWARF.»

WHACK

«WHY DIDN'T YOU CLUNK HIM EARLIER?»

«HE SEEMED TO ENJOY YELLING AT US, AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN RUDE TO INTERRUPT.»



# Nodwick

THERE! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR ARTAX AND YEAGAR TO GET BACK WITH AN ELF-PERSON, AND WE CAN FIND OUT WHY THEY'RE BEING SO NOT-NICE TO EACH OTHER AND MESSING UP OUR TOWN.

UM, WE MAY HAVE TO PUT THOSE PLANS ON HOLD...

WHERE'S YEAGAR?

HE WAS CAPTURED BY THE ELVES. I BARELY ESCAPED MYSELF. I DON'T THINK HE'S IN ANY IMMEDIATE DANGER, THOUGH. THEY SEEM TO BE USING PRISONERS AS LABORERS.

WHAT HAPPENED?

WE HID IN ONE OF THE BUILDINGS, HOPING TO GRAB ONE OF THE ELVES PATROLLING THE STREETS. WE SAW A SQUAD OF THEM HEADED OUR WAY WHEN YEAGAR SAID THE SIX WORDS THAT SENT CHILLS DOWN MY SPINE...

"HOLD MY ALE AND WATCH THIS"

I KNEW USING THE "TANG AND FLAGON" FOR COVER WAS A BAD IDEA.

Acme



# Nodwick

WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH JUST THIS **DAMAGE**, THEN.

I'LL GET A **TRANSLATION SPELL** READY.

I CAN SPEAK YOUR **PRIMITIVE SURFACE-TONGUE**.

GOOD. THEN MAYBE YOU CAN TELL US WHY YOU AND THE ELVES ARE **BREAKING THINGS** IN OUR TOWN AND **BONKING** EACH OTHER ON THE HEAD.

WE CAME TO CLAIM **FINAL VICTORY** FOR THE DWARVEN PEOPLE. IF YOU DON'T HELP US, REST ASSURED THAT YOU, TOO, WILL FIND YOURSELVES UNDER AN **ELVEN NEEL**...

HOW DOES **INVADING US** GIVE YOU VICTORY?

IN THE PRECISE CENTER OF THIS SETTLEMENT, A **POWERFUL ARTIFACT** IS BURIED. IT WAS **STOLEN** FROM THE DWARVEN PEOPLE TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, AND WE ONLY JUST NOW DISCERNED ITS LOCATION. UNFORTUNATELY, SO DID THE ELVES.

THE ELVES MUST BE USING THEIR PRISONERS TO DIG IT UP.

INCLUDING **YEAGAR!**

SO WHAT'S AT THE CENTER OF TOWN?

OH, NO...

GET ■ THERE AND START **DIGGING** OR FACE DEATH.

BUT THIS IS LIKE ASKING ME TO **DESECRATE** A **SANCTUARY!**

THE **BARKEEP** WANTED ME TO REMIND YOU THAT THE **DAMAGE POLICY** IS IN FULL EFFECT... AND THAT HE'S BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO A **NEW FLOOR**.

FANG &  
FLAGON

Agony



# Nodwick



PREFECT?

ENTER, CAPTAIN  
HOW GOES THE DIG? ANY  
SIGN OF THE GREAT  
MEADON YET?



NO,  
PREFECT.

ER, DID NONE  
OF THE TOWNS  
BUILDINGS MEET WITH  
YOUR STANDARDS, LORD?  
WHY ARE YOU STILL  
IN YOUR TENT?

WE ARE  
ONLY INTERESTED  
IN CONQUERING THE  
DWARVES. BEYOND USE  
AS TEMPORARY LABOR,  
THE TOWNSFOLK ARE  
OF NO MILITARY  
CONCERN.



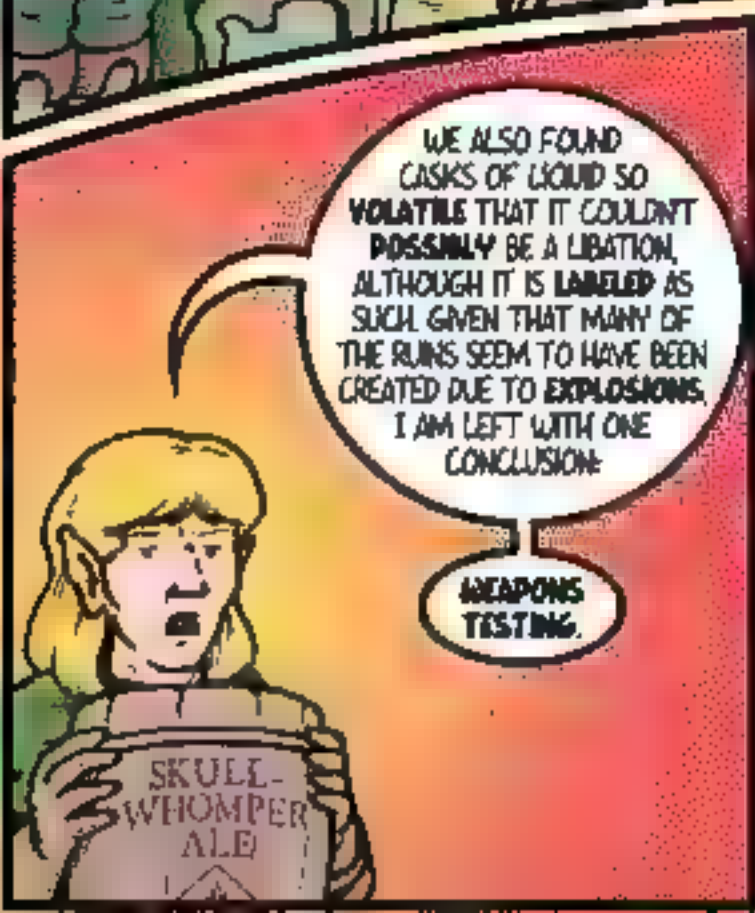
ABOUT THAT,  
WE MIGHT HAVE  
EVIDENCE TO THE  
CONTRARY.

ONE  
EXPLAIN.



THE DIG HAS  
PROGRESSED THIRTY FEET  
BELOW STREET LEVEL, AND WE'VE  
UNCOVERED EVIDENCE THAT THIS  
"FANG AND FLAGON" PLACE HAS BEEN  
REBUILT HUNDREDS OF TIMES  
OVER THE YEARS.

WHY IS THAT  
RELEVANT?



WE ALSO FOUND  
CASKS OF LIQUID SO  
VOLATILE THAT IT COULDN'T  
POSSIBLY BE A LIBATION,  
ALTHOUGH IT IS LABELED AS  
SUCH. GIVEN THAT MANY OF  
THE RUINS SEEM TO HAVE BEEN  
CREATED DUE TO EXPLOSIONS,  
I AM LEFT WITH ONE  
CONCLUSION:

WEAPONS  
TESTING.

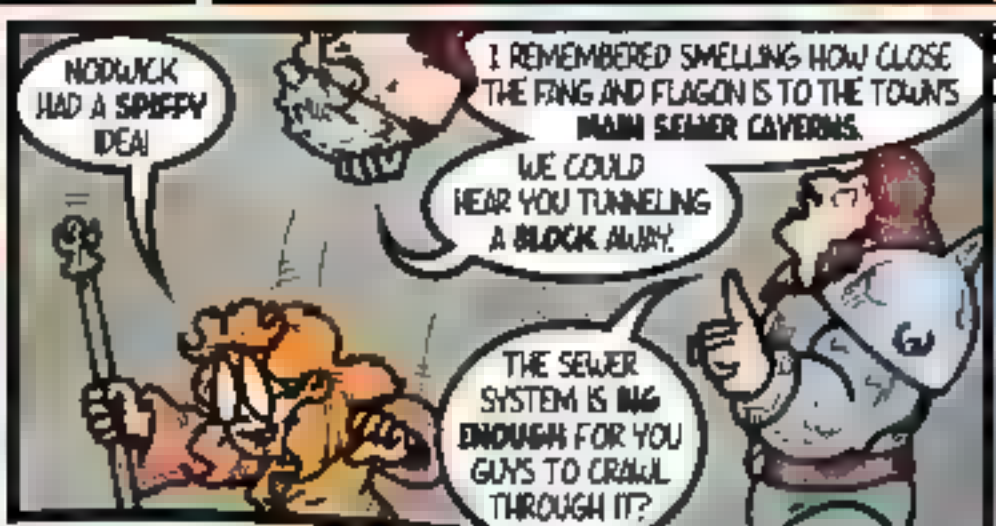
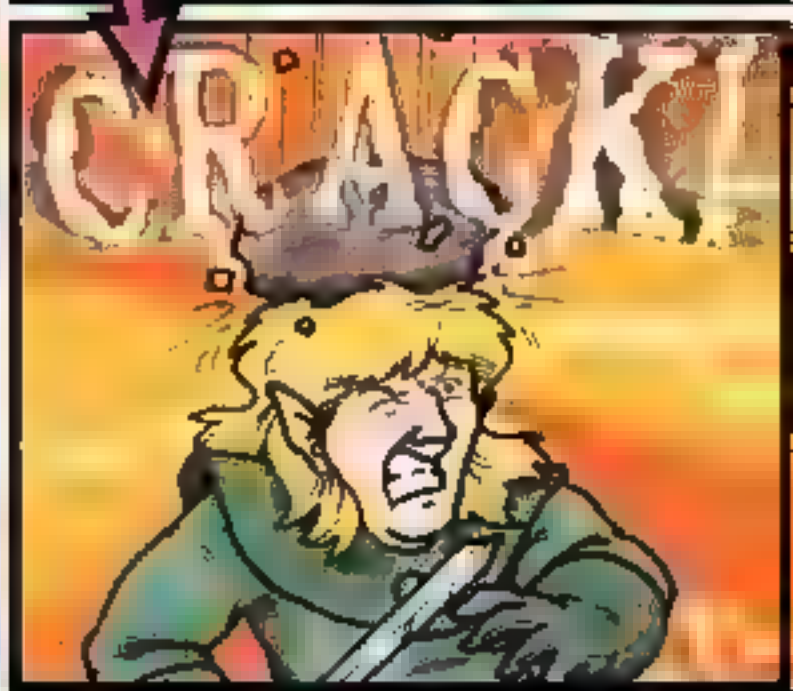
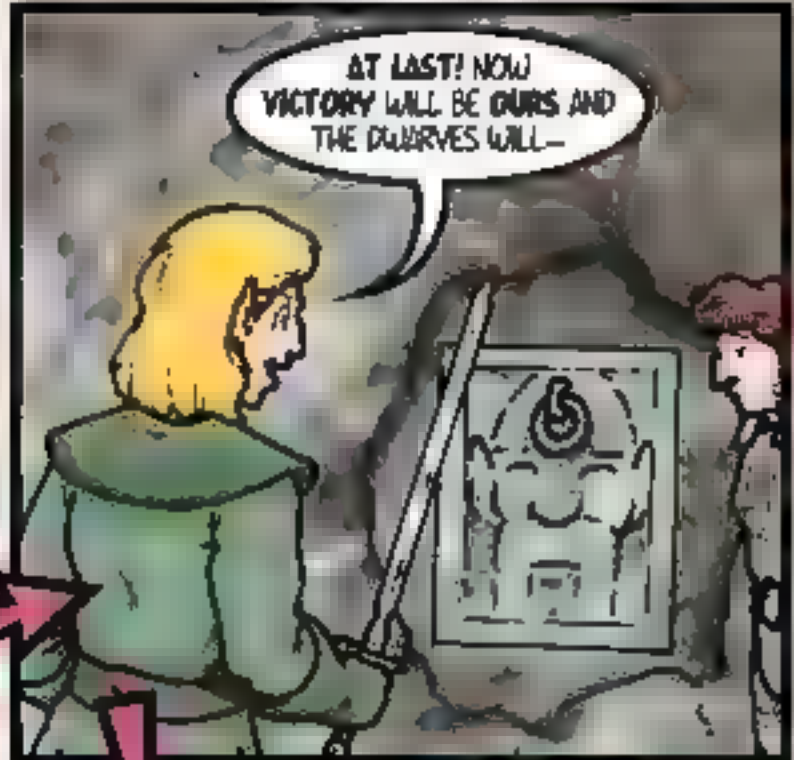


TESTING  
EXPLOSIVES? IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THEIR OWN  
SETTLEMENT?

IT IS  
FIENDISHLY CLEVER IN ITS  
NEAR-IMPROBABILITY,  
PREFECT.



# Nodwick





# Nodwick

SO THIS IS WHAT THEY'RE AFTER?

PRETTY MUCH.

BE CAREFUL, NODWICK!

OOOH! PRETTY!

CRASH!

HEED WELL OUR WORDS! YOU HAVE FOUND THE ANCIENT SWORD NAMED "KACTOSS UPP'ASE"

IF THIS BLADE IS USED BY A DWARF TO KILL AN ELF, OR AN ELF TO KILL A DWARF, ALL MEMBERS OF BOTH RACES WILL PERISH!

BY MAKING SUCH AN AWFUL WEAPON, IT WAS OUR HOPE THAT NEITHER RACE WOULD DARE MAKE WAR ON EACH OTHER AGAIN.

HOWEVER, GIVEN THAT WE, THE BLADE'S CREATORS, WERE BUMPED OFF AND THE SWORD WAS BURIED...

...WE PUT THE CHANCE FOR PEACE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN "DIDDLY" AND "SQUAT."

I GUESS THE ELVES AND DWARVES LOST THE MANUAL ON THIS "ULTIMATE WEAPON." NOW WHAT?

SELL LIFE INSURANCE TO ONE SIDE AND THE SWORD TO THE OTHER?

HOW ABOUT STARTING BY LIFTING THE STONE SLAB OFF OF YOUR HENCHMAN'S FACE?

Alamy



# Nodwick

THERE IS NO SHAME IN BEING TAKEN CAPTIVE, DWARF.

CONSIDERING YOUR MEN FOUND ME TIED TO A CHAIR AND I STILL MANAGED TO GIVE THEM TWO BROKEN NOSES AND A FRACTURED ARM BEFORE THEY TOOK ME, I'D HAVE TO AGREE.

YES, THE REST OF YOUR ILK ARE GIVING US SIMILAR TROUBLES ON THE BATTLE LINES. NO MATTER, THOUGH, THE WEAPON WILL SOON BE OURS.

UNLESS THE HUMANS GET TO IT FIRST.

YOU TOLD THEM ABOUT THE ULTIMATE WEAPON?

BETTER THEY HAVE IT THAN YOUR FILTHY KIND!

PREFECT? THERE HAS BEEN A DISTURBANCE AT THE DIG SITE.

SEND A MESSAGE TO THE DWARVEN CHIEFTAINS. WE MAY HAVE A COMMON PROBLEM.

YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT THE HUMANS NOT ONLY TOOK THE WEAPON OUT FROM UNDER YOUR POINT-EARED NOSES, BUT THEY ALSO HAVE A MASSIVE SUPPLY OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES DISGUISED AS KEGS OF ALE?

OUR INTELLIGENCE ESTIMATES THAT A PROPERLY FIRED CATAPULT SHOT COULD DETONATE THEIR MUNITIONS STOCKPILE, BUT WE'D NEED EITHER A KAMIKAZE CATAPULT TEAM OR A CATAPULT THAT CAN FIRE FIFTEEN MILES.

I THINK THE SWORD HAS THE POWER TO MAKE ELVES RUN AWAY IF YOU WAVE IT AT THEM AND SAY "BOOGA BOOGA!"

WE'VE MANAGED TO MAKE THEM STOP SEEING EACH OTHER AS A THREAT AND SEE US AS A THREAT INSTEAD. IS THAT AN IMPROVEMENT?

SO NOW WHAT?

HEY, I DON'T HAVE TO DIG ANYMORE, AND I'M HOLED UP IN A TAVERN SOUNDS LIKE A PARTY TO ME!



# Nodwick

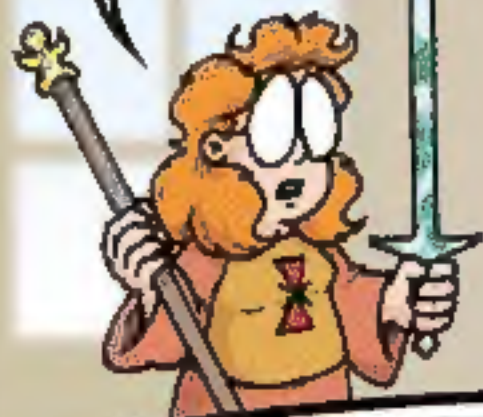
I THINK WE'D BETTER TELL THE ELVES AND DWARVES THAT THIS SWORD-THINGIE WILL WIPE OUT BOTH RACES IF THEY USE IT. SOMEONE NEEDS TO GO OUT AND TALK TO THEM.

I NOMINATE NODWICK.

SECONDED.

IF I COULD CAST A VOTE—

SORRY, THE POLLS JUST CLOSED.



OH, NO. YOU'RE NOT SENDING HIM OUT IN FRONT OF ALL THOSE POINTY ARROWS AND HEAD-BONKING HAMMERS...

THANK YOU.

...WITHOUT PROTECTION.



HOW ABOUT AN EMPTY ALE CASK? IT'LL FIT HIM PERFECTLY.

OH.



BE CAREFUL!

HAS THAT EVER HELPED?

THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME.



AAAAA! IT'S A BARREL!!!

DESTROY IT BEFORE IT GOES OFF!

TWANG! TWANG! TWANG!  
TWANG! TWANG! TWANG!

THUNK! THUNK!  
WHACK! THUNK!  
SMASH! CRUNCH!

I WONDER IF A FEAR OF BARRELS IS A CULTURAL THING.

NO PROBLEM. I'LL FETCH A RAKE AND A MOP.

OOOH. I DON'T THINK NODWICK CAN MAKE IT BACK HERE UNDER HIS OWN POWER. HOW WILL WE GET HIM INSIDE?



Acorn



# Nodwick

IN THE INTERESTS OF ALL CONCERNED, WE INVITE A REPRESENTATIVE OF YOUR SETTLEMENT TO STAND FORTH AND HOLD COUNCIL WITH US.

ALL WE WANT IS THE WEAPON. ANY FURTHER HOSTILITY WILL RESULT IN YOUR DESTRUCTION!

FANG &  
FLAGON

HI! UM, LOOK, WE FOUND THE MAGIC SWORD THING YOU'RE AFTER, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT.

WHICH IS?

WHEN WE FOUND IT, THE GHOSTLY-PARTS OF THE ELF AND DWARF WHO MADE IT TALKED TO US, AND, WELL...

IF YOU USED IT TO HURT A DWARF, BOTH YOUR PEOPLE AND HIS WOULD BECOME NOT-LIVING ALL OF A SUDDEN.

I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S A DIFFERENT OUTCOME IF I WERE TO USE IT ON HER, IS THERE?

IF YOU DO, CAN I HAVE YOUR HAT?

HEY! I DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE CALLING DIRTS!

Alamy



# Nodwick

WE WISH TO ANNOUNCE THAT, FOR THE TIME BEING, ALL HOSTILITIES HAVE ENDED. THE WAR IS OVER.

WE ARE HONOR-BOUND TO HELP REPAIR THE DAMAGE DONE YOU YOUR FAIR TOWN. WE HAVE ONLY RECENTLY DISCOVERED THAT OUR BATTLE WOULD HAVE LED TO OUR MUTUAL DESTRUCTION HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE ACTIONS OF SOME OF YOUR BRAVE CITIZENS.

BOTH THE ELVES AND THE DWARVES WILL WITHDRAW, SAVE FOR AN HONOR GUARD WHICH WILL STAND IN PERPETUITY AT THIS PLACE TO ENSURE THAT NO ONE EVER FORGETS THIS WEAPON EXISTS AND THAT IT SHOULD NEVER BE USED.

THEY WILL ALSO KEEP AN EYE ON THE APPARENT EXPLOSIVES RESEARCH YOU ARE PURSUING IN THIS "FANG AND FLAGON" BUILDING TO MAKE SURE YOU ALSO DO NOT OVERSTEP YOUR BOUNDS.

THE SHRINE IS BUILT, AND THE GUARD POSTED...

THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN BEING AMONG THESE BARBARIANS IS HAVING TO STAND GUARD WITH YOU.

DON'T WORRY, IF THEY BEGIN TO BRAWL, I'LL BE SURE TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY MUSS YOUR HAIR AND TEASE YOU ABOUT YOUR EARS.

OKAY, SHALL WE GET THE "WEAPONS INSPECTION" OVER WITH?

MINUTES LATER...

AN' ANUTHERTHIN. WHY CANCHOO GUYS BUILD ANY CEILINGS A DECENT DISTANCE FROM TH' FLOOR? FRINSTANCE, THISSUN MUS' BE. OH, 'BOUT A MILE UP THERE. 'N IT LOOKS LIKE ITZ SPINNIN', TOO!

WHADDUZ AN ELF KNOW 'BOUT BUILDIN' STUFF WHAT AINT MADE OUTTA FLIPPIN' TREES 'N GLITTER?

WHERZZA SERVIN' GUL? I WINNA 'NUTHER MUGGUV EXPLOSIVES T' INSPECT!





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